



ROOTS OF THE TROUBLE
and
THE BLACK RECORD OF
GERMANY
PAST, PRESENT and FUTURE?

by
LORD VANSITTART
P.C., G.C.B., G.C.M.G., D.Litt.

With a Foreword by
EDWARD R. MURROW

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JO. MEYERS

E. B. WILLIAMS

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“ . . . why has no American publisher issued an American edition of Vansittart's **BLACK RECORD** which sold nearly one million copies in England?”

Sterling North, N. Y. Post

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Publisher's Note:

This is the first American edition of Lord Vansittart's famous book, and the answer to Mr. North's timely plea. It supplies the demand of the countless thousands of Americans who want to see this authoritative work made available to those who are disturbed by the dread that the coming peace will not be lasting because of the German militant mentality, and their insatiable lust for world domination.

Quoting from Edward R. Murrow's foreword:—

“He (Lord Vansittart) believes that Germany and Germany alone is responsible for this war; and he believes that she will be responsible for another one unless we learn the lessons that are written on the blackened buildings, twisted bodies and tortured minds of Europe.”

FOREWORD

Lord Vansittart has written here of Germany's record "five wars in the last seventy-five years, besides four near misses." It is indeed a black record. Are we after this war is over going to overlook what Germany has habitually done to others? Not if Lord Vansittart can help it. The bitter memories of two wars, German Wars, are in this man's mind. Nor does he forget the wishful, wasted years between.

Lord Vansittart is a controversial character in Britain today. He believes that Germany and Germany alone is responsible for this war; and he believes she will be responsible for another one unless we learn the lessons that are written on the blackened buildings, twisted bodies and tortured minds of Europe.

As chief diplomatic advisor to the Foreign Secretary during the years 1938 to 1941, his advice was seldom sought and never heeded. There were few men in England who saw as clearly the inevitable consequences of Hitler's rise to power. Frequently in the years before Munich I sat in his big room at the Foreign Office, and heard him explain what consequences would follow from certain policies, and generally he was right. Britain might have been more in his debt had he resigned from the Civil Service and given the country and the world his warnings and counsels before the war began. But Vansittart chose to remain, trying desperately to convince the Chamberlain government that the hour was later than they thought, and that rearmament should be the nation's business. Now Vansittart is out in the open, using his pen and voice in an effort to prevent this happening again. His right to speak is unquestioned. He knows Germany and the Germans, and isn't unaware of their contributions to science, the arts and

literature. But he writes here of their preference for getting things by blood rather than by sweat. It is after all small comfort for those who have had their homes destroyed, their countries enslaved and their children starved, to reflect that the nation responsible for all this has from time to time produced men who have enjoyed respect and admiration by civilized nations. You may disagree with Vansittart's conclusions or with his interpretation of history. You may call him a Francophile and he will admit it with pride. You may accuse him of condemning all Germans, and he will deny it, asserting he requires more proof than is yet at hand that the German nation has a record that entitles it to be treated as other nations are treated. He would gladly deal harshly with Germans rather than risk an early repetition of the horrors of a German made war. Not knowing what the Germans may be in the future, he prefers to judge them by their past. Victory in Europe will find the United Nations facing the same old problem—'what to do with Germany'—upon the answer to that question rests Europe's chances of survival. Lord Vansittart holds that the record should be studied; that it should be remembered when decisions are made. Being a firm believer in democracy, he desires that the decision should be preceded by discussion and debate. These two pamphlets the 'Black Record' and 'Roots of the Trouble' have had exactly that effect in Britain. It is to be hoped that they will achieve a similar result in the United States, for whether we like it or not, our policy—or even our refusal to adopt a policy—must exercise a powerful if not a decisive influence upon the future of European civilization.

(Signed) EDWARD R. MURROW

London

August 28, 1943.

P R E F A C E

The appearance of **BLACK RECORD** was greeted by a storm of misinterpretation, which is but slowly blowing itself out. It is a curious fact that people in the British Commonwealth, and in the United States, have never liked or wanted the truth about Germany. The reasons are easy to find in either case; but they are both lengthy and irrelevant to my present purpose. The Germanophile of both countries therefore charged me with every kind of unfounded passion. The charge of this very light brigade was magnificent but not controversy, so it hastened to acquire some ostensible weight from its allies, the Pan-German refugees in both countries—and plenty of them, consciously or subconsciously, are still tainted by that poison, camouflaged by economics and sincere anti-Nazism. It was very natural that these should wish to discredit me, for I am naturally determined to expose them.

Misrepresentation has become so frequent a weapon in politics that it has become almost normal, or at least all in the day's work. As such I reluctantly take it, while considering it out of place in issues that involved the whole future and very existence of mankind. In order to throw enquirers off the scent of vital facts, it has been freely put about that I stand for all sorts of exterminations, sterilizations, vindictiveness and general balderdash irreconcilable with two other inconvenient facts. These are firstly that I have had forty years training in statecraft, and secondly that I knew the Germans well enough to predict accurately both their wars upon the world. It is surely not due to mere ignorance or passion that in 1933 I declared Germany's already inevitable second outbreak to be still more inevitable, and imminent at any time after the beginning of 1938—in no case later than 1939.

Many people, particularly in the United States, have read the distortions without having read my writings; and, since we are all presumably bent upon self-preservation, the American Publisher, Mr. J. Meyers, is doing us all some service in removing misapprehensions that are none of my making. The reader will find it stated over and over

again in my earlier writings that Germany is curable, though with difficulty, and that we shall only scamp and ruin the cure if we underestimate the malignancy of the disease. I have denied the malignancy of my intentions in many analyses of Vansittartism. (The word having been coined and put into circulation by my adversaries, I accept it, since it is now firmly established; but, as I said at the time of minting, it would have seemed to me more suitable as a police test for alcoholism than as a slur upon political verities.) I cannot here repeat these refutations. Perhaps the easiest and most compact method will be a single passage from the first chapter of my latest book *Lessons of My Life*:*

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“Granted these Four Prerequisites—the defeat, demilitarisation, occupation, re-education of Germany—without which the Four Freedoms will be moonshine, we can pass safely to the second part of my programme . . . It can be summarised in six words: a prosperous but not powerful Germany. I would give to all Germans a full life and a full larder, but keep their arsenals empty.”

All my political writings since Germany's First War on the World have been devoted to the imperative necessity of *keeping* German arsenals empty. The consequence of any more blindness or weakness on this point will be the end of civilisation. The effect entailed by the permanent and unilateral disarmament of the Axis, as foreshadowed by the Atlantic Charter, is indeed a small price to pay for real peace, which will never else be possible. Germany at long last must learn humility, and she will only learn it by military impotence, which necessitates consideration for the feelings of neighbour. Apart from disarmament, military and economic, material and moral—this involves the reform of the German mind by the elimination of militarism—I gladly contemplate that Germany should enjoy a full life and full larder.

No programme could be more moderate. No country, after the greatest upheaval in history, can expect security on any milder basis; and the Germans—seeing how *they* have always treated the conquered, beginning with the Treaties of Brest Litovsk and Bucharest in the last war—

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*Published by Alfred A. Knopf, \$3.00.

will be greatly relieved and immensely surprised by such leniency to their ghastly crimes. They will of course rend heaven with their protests, to which of course we must this time be too wise to listen. We did so last time, with fatal results.

Since there is nothing unduly harsh or even severe in my programme, it is difficult to explain misrepresentation of it as other than deliberate. Some of it, however, is honest, and arises from confusion between diagnosis and cure, and perhaps also from my method of approach. My diagnosis is harsh, and history will bear me out, for the future will find no extenuation for modern Germany, which is a horror and a logically constructed one. The cure I have shown to constitute a moderate minimum of security; but even that minimum will not be attainable, unless both the British Commonwealth and the United States, conscious of the magnitude and duration of the task ahead of them, muster the post-war stamina in which they failed so signally from 1919 onward. It is my purpose to drive home the need for such consciousness and tenacity, else the hardly won future will again be lost of savagery.

As to my method of approach, I venture to quote again from the opening page of *Lessons of My Life*:

"I hope that no one will be put off if I write with feeling. Contrary to our most cherished traditions there is no merit in being a fish."

I proudly confess that I do write with warmth, for I am indignant at the atrocious sufferings gratuitously inflicted on Europe by the New Barbarians. I feel these horrors as if they had been inflicted upon me personally, and I should be ashamed if I did not. I believe firmly in what I have said: "If your eyes cannot fill, your heart is empty." It will be an evil day for progress when that ceases to be true. It would have paid the British Commonwealth and the United States hand over fist to have thought, and therefore felt, more warmly in that flaccid and ignoble inter-war period, to which we must never recur. I refuse to think as an Englishman only, though it is my duty to think as an Englishman first. I need no further excuse for writing and speaking upon subjects which I have spent my life in studying.

PREFACE TO FIRST EDITION

As A foreword I have a few quick observations to make.

Firstly, these talks deal only, and in the smallest possible compass, with the facts of Germany's conduct toward her neighbours. I offer some short explanations of this "plain and ugly" record. I do not attempt, in these few and condensed pages, to cover the whole German field. In particular I do not attempt to deal with such other virtues or vices as Germans, singular or plural, possess. These are mainly unrelated to the facts from which the world has repeatedly suffered at German hands. It would be irrelevant, for example—even if I had space—to discuss German contributions to art and science. These, in any case, may cut both ways. Science clearly does so. Neither Wagner nor Nietzsche has been politically harmless, though Nietzsche, a very great artist in prose, has probably been more misinterpreted than any other writer. It would be equally

irrelevant to discuss the domestic qualities of Germans or the conflicting height of their statistics of crime.

Secondly, strict brevity and self-limitation to this one subject—the conduct of Germans toward their neighbours—have of necessity cut the story to the bare bones, and so cut out many arguments and theories bearing on German wars. I am less concerned with arguments and theories than with the sufferings of mankind; and if anyone affirms that this brevity has weighted the scales in favour of the victims, my reply must be that the world would have been a far less painful place if it had habitually followed that course instead of the opposite one. I make no further apology for keeping to the point—a sharp one—of the German will to wars. Germans have made five wars in the last seventy-five years, besides four “near misses.” If Germans had had their way, there would have been a war every eight years for the last three-quarters of a century. This sequence is due to their character and system. I hope that these talks may help to dispel the timorous fallacy, that men are not concerned by the systems of their neighbours.

Thirdly, these talks have been unwelcome to the School of Advanced Flying in the Face of Experience.

I have observed that some critics of them have suggested that I have lumped all Germans to-

gether as bad. I have said explicitly the opposite. I have said that the good exist, but that they have hitherto not been numerous enough to turn the scale. That, one would have thought, was obvious. Again, it is alleged that I wish to deal with Germany in this or that way. I have said no word whatever on that subject. What I *have* said is that the record is a black one, and that time and caution are essential, before we can believe in conversion. That also, one would have thought, was a simple and obvious proposition. This type of critic goes on to suggest that I do not believe in the possibility of conversion. I have said nothing of the kind. I explicitly do not discard the possibility of a change of heart—though it must be utter and therefore not easy—provided that it is not impeded by indulgence and wishful thinking. I have been further criticized for saying that Germans are emotional rather than sentimental. Here is the answer. “The authoritative German War Manual, *Kriegsbrauch im Landkriege*, prepared by the German General Staff in 1902,” says Professor Goodhart, Professor of Jurisprudence in the University of Oxford—and please note the date, 1902—“warns military commanders against the humanitarian tendencies of the times, and refers to the humane principles of The Hague Conventions as ‘sentimentalism and flabby emotionalism’.” The Germans do not know one from the other, and discourage *both*.

Again, I have been told that not many historians would accept my "philosophy of history." I have no more attempted a "philosophy of history" than I have attempted to define war aims or methods. I have merely said that Germans have continually and copiously killed their neighbours, and how, and why. I hope to help in preventing them from doing it yet again—a rather laudable object, I should have thought. I am being sternly practical. I am *not* philosophizing. I would not presume to make so large a gesture in so small a space. Another suggestion is that the case would have been stronger, if I had not gone so far back, if I had confined myself to the effects of Prussianism in the last hundred years. Surely any picture of Prussianism would be incomplete without some reference to Frederick the Great. On the Germans' own franker showing before 1914 "the political history of Germany, from the accession of Frederick in 1740 to the present hour, has admittedly no meaning unless it be regarded as a movement towards the establishment of a world-empire, with the war against England as the necessary preliminary." I do not over-rate the pre-Frederick periods, though they cannot be simply disconnected and side-tracked; indeed they could hardly have received briefer reference. The omission of *all* reference to them would also have been partial and arbitrary. Moreover the atrocities committed under this

German régime, and in this German war, and the open return to literal slavery in Europe, are no accidental and ephemeral outcrop. They are a reversion to something much further back than the Kaiser, or Bismarck, or Frederick, to the doings of a thousand, and two thousand, years ago. Again, I am told that I have myself used the racial theory dear to Germans. The suggestion seems to me devoid of meaning. I am not using *any* theory at all of any sort or description. I aspire to no theories. I am a working diplomatist with his coat off; and I am simply saying that mankind has suffered atrociously from a series of gratuitous wars. These wars have been inflicted on mankind by one race, and mainly for one reason. That may make the problem of prevention easier than if each of these wars had been made by a different race for a different reason. And I have always held that prevention is possible, if one is sternly practical enough. For that purpose it is necessary to discard once and for all what Sainte Beuve rightly called the "vague and lyrical" view of Germany diffused by Madame de Staël, and to keep strictly to the record—the worst ever. That is not racial theory, nor any other kind of theory. It is a plain statement of the truth. If anyone is using racial theories it is those who persist in the delusion that the Germans are our "blood brothers" and "hereditary friends." These theorists must bear their

share of responsibility for the fact that Germany was thus able to spring two great wars on an unprepared world. Suppose, however, for an instant that we were *both* using racial theories. Theirs has had the consequences described. Mine at least enabled me to foresee with accuracy both the time and manner of the two last wars that Germans have now made on mankind. Which of the two "theories" has justified itself? We need not proceed with the argument.

It is only natural that many would still prefer to doubt; and they may be more inclined to believe Heine than me. I refer in particular to that passage in his *History of Religion and Philosophy in Germany*, where he speaks of "that ancient German eagerness for battle which combats not for the sake of destroying, not even for the sake of victory, but merely for the sake of the combat itself." He goes on: "Christianity—and this is its fairest merit—subdued to a certain extent the brutal warrior-ardour of the Germans, but it could not entirely quench it; and when the cross, that restraining talisman, falls to pieces, then will break forth the frantic Berserker rage whereof Northern poets have said and sung so much. . . . The old stone gods will then arise from the forgotten ruins and wipe from their eyes the dust of centuries, and Thor with his giant hammer will arise again, and he will shatter the Gothic cathedrals. . . . When

- you hear a crash such as never before has been heard in the world's history, then know that at last the German thunderbolt has fallen. . . . There will be played in Germany a drama compared to which the French Revolution will seem but an innocent idyll. . . . They do not love you in Germany, which is almost incomprehensible, since you took such pains to please at least the better and fairer half of the German people. *But even though this half still loved you, it is precisely the half that does not bear arms, and whose friendship, therefore, would be of little help to you.*" This was, and is, the point. It was written over a hundred years ago. It will be admitted that Heine was not only a dazzlingly great lyrical poet but a startlingly accurate prophet. I am in good company. He has been banned in Germany not only as a Jew but as one who also saw too clearly what he called "the bitter truth."

I have never understood why people should expect Truth to be indefatigably pleasant; besides, it is cheaper exercise to grapple with facts than to cling to illusions. If there were never a need to face reality, all our best qualities would be gone. And one can only face it by standing up. Foresight is difficult on all fours.

BLACK RECORD

I

FOUR HUNDRED MILLION HAPPINESSES

IN 1907 I was crossing the Black Sea in a German ship. It was spring, and the rigging was full of bright-coloured birds. I noticed one among them in particular, strongly marked, heavier-beaked. And every now and then it would spring upon one of the smaller, unsuspecting birds, and kill it. It was a shrike or butcher-bird; and it was steadily destroying all its fellows. Now I am a bird-lover, and I couldn't stand this. I only had a revolver handy, and it took me the whole day to get that butcher-bird. And while I was doing it, a thought flew across my mind, and never again left it. That butcher-bird on that German ship behaved exactly like Germany behaves. I was twenty-six at the time, and life looked pretty good—or should have looked, for there were four hundred million happinesses of a sort in Europe. But already I could feel the shadow on them, for

I had spent long enough in Germany to know that she would bring on her fourth war as soon as she thought the going good.

Now, think for a moment of the butcher-bird's record. It has been well said by a German social historian that "the rise of Nazism in Germany extends over three generations." Nazi methods are certainly deep-rooted in Germany. Bismarck's resort to forgery—to make sure of war in 1870—was thought clever in Germany, if a little original. Since then forgery has become endemic: for years now it has been an integral part of the German system. No German State-paper is ever issued that does not bristle with falsification, no German communiqué that is not compounded of lies. Anyone henceforth who believes in any German official publication qualifies automatically as a professional dupe.

Well, by hook and by crook—especially crook—the butcher-bird got three wars before 1914, and each time the stakes and the butcher's bill mounted; they were higher in 1866 than in 1864, and higher in 1870 than in 1866. Each of these wars was carefully planned and provoked by the butcher-bird. Then, in 1905, it nearly got another war; but the French submitted to the humiliation of throwing overboard their Foreign Minister, Monsieur Delcassé, just as before Germany's Fifth War they recoiled again and again rather than give Germany any pretext for turn-

ing Europe into a blood-bath. There was another narrow squeak in 1911, but the butcher-bird landed its Fourth War right enough in 1914. This time the *crescendo* mounted formidably; stakes and butcher's bill went rocketing. And what had Adolf Hitler to say about that? He says in *Mein Kampf*: "I sank down upon my knees and thanked heaven out of the fullness of my heart for the favour of being permitted to live in such a time." But don't think Hitler was, or is, an exception. As early as the Franco-Prussian War of 1870 the King of Prussia was continually thanking God in letters to his wife for the number of fellow-men whom he had killed. Even to our Victorian ancestors this seemed insufferable, and I think it was *Punch* that published a parody of the correspondence:

Thanks to the Lord, my dear Augusta,
We've hit the French an awful buster.
Ten thousand Frenchmen sent below!
Praise God from whom all blessings flow.

For generations Germany has been trying to annex not only the earth but heaven. When the Nazis found that heaven could *not* be annexed, they discarded it altogether. You can see, then, that Hitler didn't come from, nowhere. In his own exultation and sniffing of carnage, it never occurred to him in 1914 that four hundred million happinesses were to be lined up and knocked

down. Hitler's mind, of course, is incapable of working on those lines. You may think it strange that anyone should thank heaven—why heaven?—for the chance of wholesale slaughter. But you will see from what I have just said that Hitler was one with the past. This was *Der Tag*—"The Day"—that had been toasted all over Germany; and those of us who had lived in Germany had long known it was being toasted and lived for. It is therefore not surprising that in 1939 Germany's Fifth War began. Hitler was so overjoyed at the Fourth War that he was determined to have a fifth all of his own, and he left no stone unturned to ensure and prepare for it. This must be clear to anyone who looks back over the years, though the sheer beastly folly of the thing made decent people believe it to be impossible. From the days of my youth the German people have been taught to regard great wars as inevitable and salutary. *We* have regarded them as neither. That has been the great gulf between us. And so Europe has had five wars in seventy-five years! People tried hard to believe the best, or anyhow not to believe the worst of Germany—a creditable trait in human nature when it is not too expensive. But the worst was true all the time. A Nazi is congenitally incapable of peace. It is not his idea of life. There was never the least real chance of the Kaiser or Hitler *not* making war. A German War every fifteen years on an average.

Butcher-birds are destructive animals. There was no drinking to, or preparation for, "The Day" of 1914 in England or France, let alone in poor little Belgium. I have already said how far France went to avoid it; and England's "contemptibly small army"—as Germany described it—was not designed or ready for continental warfare. The characteristic of the butcher-bird is to pounce upon his neighbours when they are living peaceably beside him; and it is their characteristic never to suspect him till it is too late.

The butcher-bird had had, and won, three wars before any of his neighbours began to suspect what he was really after. It was world-domination. The first three wars were prelude and preparation. The Fourth War was a bid for the real thing. This lust of world-domination has been working in them for generations, and for two of them I have myself watched it at work. I have seen the idea of the German Empire corrupting German nature, as the German philosopher Nietzsche foresaw seventy years ago.

It has had three elements to work on, all of which are well known to those with any knowledge of German psychology. The three are Envy, Self-pity and Cruelty. I was made personally and painfully aware of these characteristics during my early years in Germany; and characteristics are an infallible guide to actions.

There are of course many Germans who dis-

like the habits of the butcher-bird as much as we do. Unfortunately they are never there on The Day; and the German nation—stertorously breathing Hymns of Hate—is periodically stamped into blood-thirsty expansion, be the Leader Bismarck, Kaiser or Hitler.

Well, it so happened that Germany's Fourth War failed, though it only *just* failed. From that moment the welkin rang with German grievances; and everyone was so anxious to forget the gratuitous destruction of the four hundred million happinesses, that they also forgot the cruelty with which Germany had conducted that war—gas, indiscriminate sinkings, mass-deportations, cruelty in prison-camps—and the type of peace that she had imposed at Brest-Litovsk and Bucharest in the days when the aggressor seemed to be winning. And so everything must be blamed on the Treaty of Versailles; the whining bully must be picked up and dusted down, and put on his feet again. And soon the butcher-bird was back on his perch in the thornhedge, preparing for his next meal. This time it was destined to be a record one. And the strange thing was that his victims had contributed to put him there by all the means, including loans, in their charitable power. Of course they got nothing but abuse for that. I said just now that his fellow-birds always seem incapable of telling a butcher-bird when they see one; and it is uphill work pointing out

its distinguishing marks, unmistakable though they are to any bird-lover.

The Treaty of Versailles, of course, had practically nothing to do with Germany's Fifth War, just as it had nothing to do with the Nazi mentality of war on private life, the family, Christianity and culture, the burning of books and the assaults on the universities. Most of the Treaty of Versailles was dead long before 1939; and its remnants were more than balanced by the fact that the butcher-bird had already gained more—Austria and Czechoslovakia, for example—than it had lost in Europe. It had, in fact guzzled part of the Austrian Empire that Bismarck had been intent to drive *out* of Germany. Appetite comes in eating. The truth is that Germany's long training in militarism had led inevitably first towards expansion in Europe and then towards world-domination. And this urge had become so strong that the temporary setback of 1918 would *in no circumstances* have sufficed to stem it. After a period of disappointment and recovery, Germany—moved by what a German writer has called “the snarling, blood-thirsty resentment that spread throughout Germany after 1918”—would have had her fifth fling *in any event*. The butcher-bird was foiled, not repentant. What made its fifth war a certainty was the advent of the most horrible oppression that the world has ever seen. This tyranny was

brought about and guided by fanatical, efficient gangsters; their efficiency worked up the Envy, Self-pity and Cruelty latent in their fellow-countrymen until they produced the Germany of today. Hitler has capitalized the German strain of ill-defined mysticism—a blind faith fed on phrases about Germany's mission, Germany's destiny, which thrives on blind obedience to blind doctrines. This is the explanation of the otherwise inexplicable bestialities committed by Germany in her Fifth War; the methodical obliteration from the air of defenceless townlets and villages in order to drive refugees out to block the roads; the crushing of fugitive civilians by tanks, the machine-gunning of women and children, the machine-gunning of merchant-seamen and light-ship-keepers in the water, the machine-gunning of seamen even when they have been trying to rescue Germans, the systematic bombing of hospitals and hospital ships. These "knights of the air" are the worst of the butcher-birds; and we hope to cleanse the sky of them. To do all these things, the Nazis can find a large supply of cold-blooded young barbarians, who are not only willing to do them but revel in doing them. But, equally, they expect, and receive, chivalrous treatment when they are caught. Ah, if life consisted *only* of easy shooting! That would be the Nazi's idea of Paradise. Do you want full proof? Then read the Polish Black Book. Read it, every

one of you, every word of it, beginning with the introduction by the Archbishop of York. He says: "This volume supplies convincing proof, if any were needed, of the complete ruthlessness of German methods." If this tale of horror is not enough, read what Cardinal Mercier said about the German atrocities of 1914. He said simply: "The truth transcends the limits of the probable." It does indeed. Or read Marshal Foch, when he spoke of "the army of clever and convinced criminals whom Prussianized Germany let loose—in defiance of all treaties—upon the peaceful population of Europe." His colleague, Marshal Pétain, was more confiding. Before he left us—I shall say nothing here of that pitiful episode—he dreamed of an honourable peace between soldiers, and said that "he gave himself to France for that purpose." Alas, he thereby gave France to Germany, and his gift to Germany was greater than his gift to France. France, of course, is now being devoured. If you study the butcher-bird and his larder you will soon be convinced that you cannot possibly make honourable terms with a butcher-bird. It will *always* insist on eating you.

The butcher-bird has been given every chance to change its habits, but of course it has not done so. It is extraordinary how many patient people have trusted the creature. Hitler said on the first day of this war that he would not wage it on

women and children; yet that is exactly what he did from the start. But when did Hitler ever keep his word? Literally never once. And there is nothing new in Hitler. Frederick the Great was an adept in perfidy. And what, in 1914, did Bethmann-Hollweg call a solemn treaty with Prussia's signature on it? "A scrap of paper." He could have bitten his tongue out the moment he had said it, for in four words he had given the whole German show away. That is what most Germans really think of treaties. There is a definite continuity in their outlook. Bismarck announced that he was satisfied after 1871; and Ribbentrop and Hitler kept saying they were satisfied with every fresh acquisition, especially after the annexation of the Sudetenland.¹ Of course they didn't mean it, as everyone can now plainly see. And yet, long after this war had broken out, a well-known author, Dean Inge, could write of Hitler's "fibs"—a striking case of ecclesiastical charity.

¹"Germany neither intends to interfere in the internal affairs of Austria, to annex Austria, nor to conclude an Anschluss."—HITLER, 1935.

"After three years I can regard the struggle for German equality as concluded. We have *no* territorial demands to make in Europe."—HITLER, 1936.

"The Sudetenland is the *last* territorial claim I have to make in Europe."—HITLER, 1938.

"Czechoslovakia broke up."—HITLER, 1939.

How is it that people were so indulgent and

credulous towards Hitler, particularly in view of his foul and turgid book, *Mein Kampf*, cribbed largely from a renegade Englishman, Houston Stewart Chamberlain, who wrote a deal of rubbish in German? How is it that modern Germany has surrendered itself to one who wanted war, as he himself said, when he was fifty years old—he just couldn't wait until he was fifty-five? The answer is that the remnants of German conscience are easily satisfied by the drug of mechanical obedience to any order, however cruel. Prussianism, militarism, lust of world-conquest, Nazism—that sequence has made Germans the exponents of every imaginable variety of dirty fighting and foul play. Incidentally, Nazis have some very odd notions of play. Listen to the adjutant of Julius Streicher, chief Nazi purveyor of smut. He is urging children to play football instead of going to church; “but,” he says, “if one of your comrades will not play, then beat him till he drops dead.” Sad stuff! But it catches on and spreads. Cruelty has grown with every war on which Germany has embarked, each time swearing raucously that she has been attacked by someone half her size.

This degradation of the human species would have astonished our Victorian ancestors, who believed that progress was inevitable and automatic. Nazi Germany has taught a tortured world that it is easier to go backwards towards barbarism than it is to go forward to a higher civiliza-

tion; and that, if we were to fail in standing up to her, the clock would go back *by* a thousand years and *for* a thousand years. Indeed, it would be worse even than that. A distinguished American has said that to compare Nazi Germany to the Middle Ages is an insult to the Middle Ages.

One of the first "sights" that I saw as a boy in Germany was the relics of the mediaeval torture chamber at Nürnberg. I can assure you that tortures are practised in modern Germany on a scale that puts the Middle Ages into the shade. The enormity and ferocity of those tortures are almost beyond belief. The Marquis de Sade, who has given his name to Sadism, was a pretty foul creature; but he would have taken the strongest exception to having the word Sadism applied to present practices in Germany. He would not only have turned in his grave; he would have sat bolt upright. Never before in any Christian country, or indeed in any land or period, has there been anything like the Nazi concentration-camp. But then the Nazi Government is anti-Christian. There is no time here to dilate on the persecution of the churches. Let me just give you two or three quotations that tell the whole story. Listen to the Proclamation of the German Faith Movement: "The Cross must fall to make Germany live. . . . The Christian religion must be destroyed. . . . Jesus is the enemy of all Germany." Or to Hitler himself, speaking to Mussolini:

"Christianity is the Bolshevism of Antiquity." What a precious pair of scholars! Or to Herr Kerrl, the Minister for Ecclesiastical Affairs: "The Fuehrer is the carrier of a new Revelation. . . . Adolf Hitler is the true Holy Ghost." I need not multiply these blasphemies. There are millions of them. They admit of no doubt or argument as to the anti-Christian nature of the Nazi régime. No wonder that Pastor Niemöller said: "We feel obliged to express our concern at honours being bestowed on the Fuehrer which are due only to God." And no wonder that, for saying so, Niemöller was clapped into solitary confinement for life. And why is Christianity rejected? Because it is too gentle to be compatible with world-domination. And why is Jesus the enemy? Because He spoke of a kingdom *not* of this world.

And why does Germany put up with, and even glory in this new barbarism, for after all there are many Christians, though few Niemöllers, in Germany? The answer is that Germany so worships power and efficiency, that she is ready not only to forgive but to deify the gangsters who provide it in sufficient doses. And these gangsters supply it in such quantity that the mass forgives them for another defect—corruption—which normally arouses condemnation, or at least jealousy. The Nazi leaders, one and all, started without a cent. Goering, for example, used to peddle cocaine in the Bristol Bar in Berlin. All of them

have grown rich on political plunder; and many have amassed enormous fortunes in cash; they have bought valuable works of art, pictures and large houses. How did they get hold of all this wealth—which, by the way, is quite incompatible with Socialism even of the “National” brand? I will tell you one story—it is enough to answer that question. There lived in Austria a harmless squire, Herr von Remitz, and he owned an attractive residence on Lake Fuschl, near Salzburg. Unfortunately for him it was *too* attractive. Ribbentrop saw it and liked it. The squire was put into a concentration-camp at Dachau, where he died after many months of slow and systematic torture. Ribbentrop, who instigated and enjoyed the performance, annexed his victim’s home. Now, this sort of thing would never be tolerated in any decent country; but in Germany it is condoned because it is practised on a vast scale by *all* the Nazi leaders, who have not only no religion but no morals. Whenever I think of the Nazi bosses, I am reminded of a certificate ironically given by a friend of mine in a far part of the world to his servant, who triumphantly displayed it as a recommendation. The certificate ran: “X has been with me for eight years, and I can honestly say that I believe him capable of anything.” There can be no doubt about one thing. Nazism is a fundamental fraud. It is a pluto-bureaucracy; every Nazi creates a job for

his pal, and the vast corrupt gang enjoys a life very different from the hardships of the ordinary German. There is hardly a single professional Nazi with a clean pair of hands. The only equipment needed in Nazi politics is a pair of sewer-boots. What do the people get in return? Efficiency. Efficiency for what? For the destruction of Four Hundred Million Happinesses.

Impregnate a race with militarism, imbue it with a sense of its own superiority, convince it of its mission to enslave mankind for the good of mankind, persuade it that this end justifies any and every means however filthy; and you produce a race of hooligans which is a curse to the whole world.

But, if you want to succeed in this kind of government, there is one more thing you must do—you must rob people of all critical sense. Take an example and a warning—one among millions. When Nazis murdered Dollfuss, they let him bleed slowly to death for long hours, during which they would allow him to see neither priest nor doctor. For this thirteen brutes were very properly hanged. Listen now to what two of the Nazi leaders have to say of these murderers: "Wherever in all the world National Socialists march, these dead comrades march with us." That is Herr Hess, Hitler's Deputy. You would not think that anyone would take credit for the eternal company of thugs. And here is

Herr Bohle, Organization Leader of Germans abroad: "Their sacrifice is an example which National Socialists in all countries must emulate." It is a strange admission that Nazis must murder everywhere. All wise men in the Old World and the New will do well to heed it. But these are only echoes of their Master's Voice. In 1932 the famous Potempa murder took place. A large number of Nazis set upon one poor man in the dark, and kicked him to death. They didn't like his politics, you see. Hitler thought this was grand. He sent a telegram saying he was entirely with the murderers; they were quite right, he said, and they were his comrades.

Yes, in very truth we are fighting against evil things—evils which have possessed the German people for weary generations. Twice in my lifetime have these evil things devoured **FOUR HUNDRED MILLION HAPPINESSES** in Europe. Think of it! Twice. Eight hundred million happinesses! The butcher-bird has been furiously at his habit during the last three and a half years; it has impaled on its blackthorns Austria, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Norway, Denmark, Luxemburg, Holland, Belgium and France. In every case the butcher-bird, with its beak in the neck of the victim, squawked and shrilled that the victim had begun it. Hitler attacked Poland without warning, and bombed its innocent civilians out of existence. How did he explain this? He said to

his servile Reichstag on September 1st, 1939: "Since a quarter to six this morning we have been returning the Polish fire." (Loud cheers.) *Of course* Hitler said that Poland had attacked him. And every good Nazi knows that Belgium attacked Germany in 1914. Rabbits, those beasts of prey, always *do* attack dogs. Don't you know that too? Then you know nothing of Nazi natural history. And every time it has to be substantiated, forgeries are found in railway carriages or other convenient receptacles. But no honest man now believes a word of what a Nazi says, unless he wants to; and, if he wants to, he is not an honest man. Since the fall of France, the brunt of eliminating a scourge falls on us of the United Nations. It is a duty, and an *honour*. We believe that we have the good wishes of all that is best in the world; and we accept them. By the Grace of God and for the salvation of man, we shall rescue the earth from Germany and Germany from herself.

II

GERMANS IN THE PLURAL

IN MY last talk I compared Germany with the butcher-bird. The butcher-bird, I may remind you, is an animal which *looks* harmless enough to deceive its neighbours, but which is continually springing on them when they least suspect it, and butchering them. How does it happen that, despite all experience, the other birds are always caught unprepared? I will try to explain this, and also to show you why and how these other birds might have known better. Perhaps they did not do so because the true story of Germany has never been made available in sufficiently revealing brevity. People sometimes fail to connect, or even to see, the relevant facts, because those facts are too widely dispersed. In these talks I am going to bring them together for you. The story of Germany's past is both plain and ugly; but it is time that it was told, so that it shall not again be forgotten in a hurry.

At all costs the world must never again be

dragged by Germany into a war—merely because it fails to understand how Germany has behaved in the past and how it will behave again in the future, unless the German people undergo a deep, spiritual regeneration. There *can* be a new Germany, but it must be a quite new Germany, the Germany that has been imagined; but has never been. The real German reformation is yet to come.

Of course, there have been potential reformers in Germany, but they have always been a weak minority, and have never been able to impede the iniquitous habits and courses of the majority. That does not necessarily mean that it is hopeless *ever* to expect them to be in the ascendant. But the facts which I am going to connect for you do show that if Germany, after a long and unbroken record of evil-doing, is ever to cease to be a curse to herself and to everyone else, she will have to undergo the most thorough spiritual cure in history; and part at least of that cure will have to be self-administered. It will have to comprise a complete change of heart, mind and soul; of taste and temperament and habit; a new set of morals and values, a new, a brand-new way of looking at life. Such an achievement is not inconceivable; but it will at the very best be extremely difficult. You are going to see for yourselves how tremendous is the leeway to be made up; and you will then want to be sure next time that the cure

really is complete, that it is a fact and not a hope. The world must never again take anything for granted in Germany, or endanger itself by further illusions.

Let us begin by considering the oft-expressed German complaint that other nations are hostile to her. So far from there ever having been any prejudice against Germany, the reason why the butcher-bird has been given every conceivable chance is that everybody has always wanted to believe the best of it, or rather not to believe the worst; and this charity, always disappointed, comes up smiling again between catastrophes. That is exactly what the butcher-bird wants. He likes his victims to get cosy and confiding, before he pecks them to death. Let me give you an example.

In his book, *Failure of a Mission*, Sir Nevile Henderson says: "Who was I to condemn the Nazis off-hand or before they had finally proved themselves incurably vicious?" But it is too late to condemn them *afterwards*, anyhow in the nine countries that they have eaten. That quotation is characteristic of the attitude of scores of thousands of kindly souls who wanted to believe the best, and therefore did not see ahead. Well, for salvation you *must* see ahead; and a sure way of seeing ahead is to look back.

Let me now try to show you why it is wrong to count on the better nature of the butcher-bird,

and why bird-lovers know he hasn't got one—so far. We must all drop the habit of making allowances for the Germans. It isn't fair to ourselves. And if anyone asks you to do it again, make sure that he knows the German record, and is now sure that the change has taken place.

This bird of prey is no sudden apparition. It is a species. Hitler is no accident. He is the natural and continuous product of a breed which from the dawn of history has been predatory and bellicose. It has thriven on indulgence, which has always been in favour of giving the aggressor another chance. And the aggressor has always taken it. Great Britain, for instance, rescued and subsidized the bankrupt Frederick the Great; Russia successfully pleaded on behalf of Prussia with Napoleon when he had her beaten at Jena; and after the war of 1914-1918 all wishful-thinkers pleaded for Germany and lent her money. With that money she rearmed. The creature has its habits, and great suffering has come because those habits have never been widely enough known. Hitler's dupes even believed that his proclaimed demand for expansion was compatible with his professed offers of non-aggression pacts.

Of course there have been, and are, Germans who may not have liked executing the programmes of their leaders; but with individuals we are not concerned; the fact remains that the programmes of their leaders always *have* been

executed. And there is a remarkable resemblance between those German leaders. It is therefore dangerous to persist in the hallucination that there is in Germany an effective element of kindly and learned old gentlemen, and of sweet pig-tailed maidens. That is unhappily a myth. The German professors either vanish on the day of battle, or they turn out to be the worst of the expansionists. Don't count on the maidens either. Women have never been allowed to play much part in Germany; and Hitler has put the clock back for them, not forward. The little influence that they have enjoyed has mitigated nothing; and you will even find in the Polish Black Book German *girls* gloating over the sufferings of the victims. That is less surprising when one remembers that in early times German women were famed for inciting their men to ferocity. Nazi girls have gone further; they have become raucously blasphemous. Today the official "League of German Maidens" is singing:

We've given up the Christian line,
For Christ was just a Jewish swine.
As for his Mother—what a shame—
Cohn was the lady's real name.

That song is a literal word-for-word translation of the original German.

This point about the sphere of women is so significant that it needs a little more explanation.

Hitler has thrown them right back into their traditional limitations as cooks and child-bearers. But very few of them mind going backward—backward for the Fatherland. They have never received much encouragement from their men; and the truth is that German women have no more wanted social emancipation than the German middle class has wanted political emancipation. "The world of liberalism and humanism is dying," says one of the German women's leaders gleefully. There are exceptions, but the rule is clear. Germans, male and female, are content with servitude, on condition that they are provided with enough of their blindly idolized efficiency to inflict servitude on others. That is why you must never think that Hitler was an unnatural taste forced upon Germany. On the contrary, he gives to the great majority of Germans exactly what they have hitherto liked and wanted; and that in turn is why he has been able to enforce on them, without any effective resistance, his distorted and sanguinary doctrines. The women, as a whole, have taken to him with little, if any, more reluctance than the men. They have remained as primitive in their own way as German men in theirs. The ground was already prepared for Nazism before Hitler sowed the dragon's teeth in it.

Sir Neville Henderson says that war was due to the "blind self-confidence of a single individual

and of a small clique of his self-interested followers." That view is common among the indulgent; but, historically and psychologically, it is very wide of the mark.

Drop the myth of the professors and the maidens, and the other fictitious restraining influences. It is too expensive. Instead, let us face the truth. "No one has ever dared to call me a coward," yelled Hitler a few short years ago. I do—because the former mess-waiter and police-spy has never once faced the truth. And I say the same of anyone in like case in any country, including my own. History puts it to you plainly. The *German* is often a moral creature; the *Germans* never; and it is the *Germans* who count. You will always think of *Germans* in the plural, if you are wise. That is their misfortune and their fault. I learned the beginning of the truth at school from having to construe Julius Caesar. Julius Caesar says that in Germany two thousand years ago: "Robbery has nothing infamous in it" when committed upon a neighbour; indeed, it was even thought to keep youth fighting fit for the annual war. It never occurred to the Germans that there should *not* be a war every year. It was only a question of *who* was to be attacked and devastated—for in those days they destroyed towns and townlets as thoroughly as they did in Flanders and northern France in 1914 or in Poland in 1939; and they killed and burned everything they

could see, including animals, just as today they machine-gun cows if they can't find children.¹ If the world is ever to enjoy lasting peace, the Germans must be made to abandon this centuries-old taste. The Romans knew what their savage neighbours were like as clearly as the French knew later; so the Romans too built a Maginot Line and tried to demilitarize the Rhineland. You will find that history *does* repeat itself with Germans whatever it does with other people.

I was still at school when I came across them a stage later in Tacitus. He admired them in some ways, but found them disquieting neighbours. He says that "they hate peace"—their whole history is in that phrase—and "think it weak to win with sweat what can be won by blood." You will remember Bismarck's saying that all problems must be solved by "blood and iron." That has been the German view throughout the ages; and by that they mean German iron and other people's blood. And a further observation of Tacitus on their habit of murdering their slaves would be endorsed by the poor Czechs and Poles of our day.

Within a short while from the time of Tacitus two further facts about the Germans became notorious, and have never varied since. The first

¹ Extract from a letter of a German officer in France: "It is great fun knocking down little houses. I love bombing."

was that they were out for ever more and more living space—the unlimited *Lebensraum* that they claim today. For example, seventeen hundred years ago they were busy occupying Rumania. The second fact early and universally recognized was that Germans were not only very dirty fighters but they never kept a pledge or treaty. Gibbon has commented on this characteristic. It is worth noting that the first German national hero to make himself a name for treachery was Hermann in the year nine. The centuries have rolled by, and brought to us Hermann Goering! The first Hermann—who was subsequently murdered—was a double dealer like the later one, or like Hitler, or Neurath, the “Protector” of Bohemia. Some people, by the way, believed Neurath because he belonged to “the old school.” That is why they should have disbelieved him. There is, as you will see, no fundamental difference between the Old School and the New. They think and act in the same way. The ages during which civilizing influences have changed other nations have so far left the Germans relatively untouched. It is time that the change began. Capacity to change is the very essence of man; and a nation that should lack it would be less than human.

III

THE BRAZEN HORDE

HUNDREDS of years ago there seemed nothing surprising in German barbarism, since the world was full of savages in these early days. In the thirteenth century a great part of Europe was overrun by Mongols known as the Golden Horde, who committed the most appalling atrocities. Germans in the plural are the Brazen Horde. At least the Golden Horde was not brazen enough to pretend that they were anything but barbarians. Other people grew up and settled down. The Germans never did. The Brazen Horde remained savages at heart. That is far the greatest tragedy in the world.

German barbarism first crushed Latin civilization at the battle of Adrianople in the year 378, and it has again crushed Latin civilization in France today.

Wherever they went, the invaders submerged all culture; Paris, Arras, Rheims, Amiens, Orleans, Tours, Bordeaux—all the familiar names

of places so often overrun since—were sacked with frightful and habitual ferocity by the German vandals. The word “vandalism” was coined to describe gratuitous German savagery. “From their youth up war is their passion,” said a contemporary historian. These words are a refrain in the German record.

War was the passion of the great Charlemagne too—conquest and expansion as usual. With all his other brilliant qualities he too had the lust of world-dominion; so he had a war every year—as Caesar had noted of his forefathers. Eight hundred years had passed, but in this respect the German instinct remained constant.

By the time they got to their famous war-monger, Frederick Barbarossa, in the twelfth century, the only bone of contention was not whether they should remain at peace, but which race should they conquer and dominate—should it be the Italians or Slavs? The twentieth-century Germans have answered that question by saying that—with the help of Mussolini—they will dominate both. And it is interesting to note that, where the twelfth-century Germans did overcome the Slavs, they forbade the use of native languages and excluded Jews. Do you begin to recognize familiar features? Listen to the greatest chronicler of his time, Froissart, in the fourteenth century. The Germans, he says, “are covetous people above all other, they have no pity if they

have the upper hand, and they are hard and cruel with their prisoners." How true that is, all Europe bears witness. By the fourteenth century people were complaining of the Fifth Column activities of the German Hanseatic League, the forerunners of Herr Bohle's *Auslandsdeutsche* of today. In the fifteenth century most countries were sowing their wild oats, and by the seventeenth they were settling down. Germany, to the sorrow of the world, never got beyond the bald lust of battle.

These fierce characteristics showed themselves to the full in the Thirty Years War of the seventeenth century, in the first phase of which Bohemia was overrun and the Czech population subjected to a persecution almost equal to that of 1939. In this war the German Commander Tilly distinguished himself by the sack of Magdeburg, in which thirty thousand people were butchered—rather less than were butchered at Rotterdam in 1940.

The next German hero was the Great Elector—a man of remarkable ability, but we are not discussing that—who laid the foundations of Prussian military and bureaucratic despotism, and permanently stunted and brutalized whatever soul Prussia might have had. And in due course came the Soldier King, the father of Frederick the Great, one of the nastiest bullies ~~that~~ ever lived. He used to bellow as much as

Hitler. And *he* ruined whatever soul Frederick the Great might have had.

This Frederick, the admiration of all Germans in subsequent ages, was another man of outstanding gifts and attainments, but neither heart nor conscience was among them. He was as treacherous and aggressive as the Nazi bandits. He lost no time in invading his neighbours, and remained faithful during his long life to his own lack of principle. He destroyed all freedom among his robots, and moulded Prussia into a totalitarian autocracy. That he had great administrative abilities and considerable culture is beside the point. We are discussing morals, not talents. I am afraid that England helped this able and unpleasant creature to survive, and financed it, just as we lent money to the Germany that produced Hitler. And Frederick was the precursor of Hitler in partitioning poor Poland with the help of another Prussian, a ruthless and promiscuous woman known to history as Catherine the Great of Russia. Be careful, by the way, how far you swallow these historical labels of "the Great," Frederick "the Great" was a Prussian pervert with a bent for killing and dominating people. And Catherine "the Great," the Prussian with the morals of a street-walker, also had a bent for killing and dominating people. That is not greatness. I wish history would adopt this standard, and discard the old one;

but that also would require a vast change of values, particularly in Germany. For all Germans love their Frederick, whom they still affectionately call Old Fritz. People have been apt to misuse the word "great" for anything that is done well, whether it be the innocent profession of cutting clothes or the guilty one of cutting throats. I knew a firm that called itself Alexander the Great—tailor.

After the Napoleonic wars there was a moment when it seemed that Prussia might lead Germany into liberalism. But the flicker went out, and the new movement had about as much chance as the Weimar Republic after the last war. Germany as a whole has always been hostile and unsuited to democracy. Hitler had this old instinct to play on. Prussia went in for a policy of repression. While elsewhere man was opening his mouth, Prussia clapped a muzzle on it. Just the same effort to extinguish the human brain has been made by Goebbels. Once again there has been no change.

Prussia's last chance of being human went when King William of Prussia, another anti-democrat, came to the throne in 1861, and took for his chief adviser one Otto von Bismarck, who reinforced the concrete foundations on which were built the autocracy of the ex-Kaiser and the dictatorship of Hitler. They all derive from one another. No other race could have managed to

idolize such people; but German heroes have always been offensive persons according to the standards of anyone else.

Bismarck again was a man of supreme capacity; and again we are not talking of that. From the point of view of conduct towards one's neighbours, he was a crafty Prussian bully. His manners towards weaker vessels were sometimes nearly as nasty as Hitler's; and, on occasion, he made as little secret as Hitler of his aggressive intentions. Within three years he had crushed and plundered little Denmark. Hitler has been his logical successor and swallowed it whole. Bismarck could not manage to bring off a war every year like Caesar's Germans or like Charlemagne; but he did his best. Two years later he brought off another carefully contrived one against Austria, after annexing a few smaller countries first. Hitler, his successor, swallowed Austria altogether. When did the butcher-bird ever change a feather? Four years after that, Bismarck, having gauged the weakness of the French Empire as Hitler gauged the weakness of the French Republic, brought off yet another war, equally well contrived, against France, though at one moment it looked as if war would slip through his fingers; and that nearly broke his heart. And again, today, Latin civilization is prostrate. Again and again, the German repeats himself. Bismarck and the Nazis spoke the same

language about Germany's "mission." It has been a mission of destruction. Germany, in Bismarck's time, was militarized, materialized, and started on the high road to her present religion of "blood and soil." Her natural appetite for both had indeed always been so strong that she had hardly got her breath before she wanted more of both. There was in fact such rumbling in the new Germany, because Bismarck had not sufficiently destroyed France, that he nearly had yet another annexationist war against her five years later. This time he was balked by Russia. But his tribe had Prussianized Germany; and from that moment Germany became not a local but a universal danger. The Great Cannibal was born. The Nazis are the product of the German Reich.

We have come to the late ex-Kaiser. He at once set out on the next stage to world-dominion. Not content with dominating Europe, he must dominate the seas, and Africa and South America and the Near East as well. Note the resemblance between what he wanted and what Hitler wants in Africa, South America and the Near East. Germany must "become master of the ocean"—his own words—and Wilhelm frothed against England as much as foaming Adolf. The "war of nerves" is nothing new in German policy. It has always been part of German technique to try to make people's flesh creep, if Germans in the plural don't get all they want. And this has

led each generation of Germans, in turn, into their inordinate threats and boastings. In this country we have always erred on the side of under-statement. We have even deemed it a virtue; and one of our famous men has been called in praise "a master of the under-statement." I doubt whether it is quite such a quality in most foreign eyes; and I am quite sure that it isn't in German eyes. Indeed, we live at opposite poles. We have not a main idea in common because words have entirely different meanings in our respective tongues. Our terms and concepts, our aims and admirations, are in complete contrast, even if the labels are the same. We have no real mental relations with Germans. For instance, only one Englishman—Lord Strafford—has ever adopted the German motto "thorough," and his countrymen cut off his head—three hundred years ago!

Whenever I hear the Voice of the Nazi I think of Ahab. He was the author of one of the finest sayings in history. He was at war with a bully called Benhadad, who said to him: "Everything you have is mine, and I'm coming to fetch it." How like Hitler! Ahab refused, and Benhadad then threatened him with extermination by overwhelming forces. Now comes the passage: "And the King of Israel answered and said—'Tell him, let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off.'" Isn't that

the perfect answer to Benhadad—Adolf? Surely much must be forgiven to Ahab for that. Also he gave Benhadad what he deserved—a licking.

There is an important incidental remark to be made here; boasting and a sense of humour rarely go together, because a sense of humour is a sense of proportion. Neither the ex-Kaiser nor Hitler have ever had any; and they have got on well with their people because the sunless, funless folk never really had any either

IV

SINGULAR BUT STILL PLURAL

I READ in a German newspaper some time ago: "The English should know by now that we never joke." Yes, we know.

For a German even to see, let alone make, a joke it must be about as long as it is broad. Hitler, the Kaiser, Bismarck, away back into the dank record, you will find nothing but a procession of mirthless braggarts ruling over dreary robots. That has been the aim of German rulers; and they have been successful men. Every régime strives to create the same unflowering November marsh of the mind.

Such few faint sparks of fun as were left floating about have been ruthlessly stamped out by the club-foot of Goebbels; he was afraid they would set the marsh on fire. The authors of any little jokes were clapped into concentration-camps, as many comedians found to their cost.

No one has ever dared to start a rumour
That a true German has a sense of humour

And that is why the Germans, who love to be feared, cannot understand why nobody loves them.

Let us kill two butcher-birds with one stone: German honour and German humour. Here is Field-Marshal Goering: "Germany has no possible designs against Czechoslovakia. *I pledge my word of honour* that we only wish for better relations between our two countries."

So much for the Marshal's honour. He pledged, or pawned, it in 1938. We need no further witness. The Germans have always held that morals were made for their inferiors, but that the superior Germans made their own.

Between Bismarck's wars and the Kaiser's war there was a spate of books by distinguished Germans, gloating in advance over "the next war," war that "fountain of health," that "noblest of human activities." These books dwelt on the necessity of annihilating everybody on their road to supremacy, shouting their hatred and contempt for their neighbours, and urging the utmost savagery in the conduct of "total war." Literally hundreds of these warbooks were published every year, and found a voracious public. The Germans had no more intention of disarming, or of limiting warfare, before 1914 than before 1938, though they sometimes dangled baits—swiftly whisked away—before the democratic nose. Never forget that it was a German hero

who said that a conquered people should be left nothing but their eyes to weep with. Have you ever wondered why the Nazis left the ex-Kaiser unmolested in Holland? It was because his foreign policy was broadly the same as that of Hitler or any of their distinguished predecessors. And the Nazis in turn have given to their people the foreign policy of aggrandisement that the Germans love. "They hate peace," said Tacitus. He knew. "Thinking with the blood" is an old German habit.

When I first went to Germany in the 'nineties I read and listened to this screeching crescendo; and my first impression was that I had come into a country of homicidal maniacs. That impression has been fully justified. I have said enough to show you that the most righteous clause entered in any treaty ever concluded was the war-guilt clause of the Treaty of Versailles. In justice to Germans in the plural, they "made no bones about it," save those of the prospective dead. It was to be—quite openly—*Weltmacht oder Niedergang*: World-dominion or decline. The Germans themselves boasted how well they had planned and executed the war—*while they thought they were winning*.¹ It was only when they lost that they proclaimed their innocence; and again they found dupes to believe them. Why? That will always be one of the greatest mysteries in history. But Hitler took heart from

so encouraging an example. "If anyone is prepared to be deceived," he said, "he must not be surprised that he is." This saying is the moral descendant of the maxim of Frederick the Great that "he is a fool, and that nation is a fool, who, having the power to strike his enemy unawares, does not strike and strike his deadliest." Germany has laid these butcher-bird tactics to heart, and these talks are designed to make them more difficult in future.

After the gross offence of 1914, however, many people hastened again to believe the best of Germans and to give them another chance. It came in 1939. Every time you give the butcher-bird another chance *he* will give *you* another war. And every time the intended victims show any sign of drawing together, there comes that monotonous squawk about encirclement. And the victims have been simple enough to listen to the cry. Germans always cry out before they hurt someone else. The technique of Self-pity developed into the technique of aggression.

But in 1914 the Kaiser made *his* bid for world-dominion; and, fortunately indeed for the world, that failed too. The Kaiser ran away, and Germany pretended, sometimes even thought, that

¹ German thoroughness—or contempt for the intelligence of others—always has ready a number of contradictory versions of every German venture. Cf. the laughably conflicting speeches of all the Nazi leaders on the rape of Austria, Czechoslovakia and Poland.

it was all his fault. It wasn't. No country had ever so well deserved defeat or asked more loudly for retribution; but she got off with a fraction of the penalties that she would have imposed on the world had she won. How loud the Germans cried about reparations. "Poor, poor, Germans," said all the tender-hearts. And some added: "Besides, the figures are too big to make sense." Well, the figures are nothing compared with those that the poor, poor Germans have now enforced on the poor, poor French. "What will you do if you lose?" said a prominent neutral to a prominent German in mid-war. "We will organize sympathy," was the reply. They did. But Hitler's only criticism of the Kaiser's crime was that it had not been well enough prepared; and he certainly prepared his bid better.

Hitler will fail too, but not for want of forethought and calculation. Some people have suggested that Hitler's policy was guided by brainstorms. It was not. His every aggression has been cold and deliberate like those of his forerunners. He has been perfectly true to type from the start. There is nothing abnormal about him except physically. He is like the mule, without pride of ancestry or hope of posterity, and the mule is a bad-tempered animal. These physical defects are no doubt irritating, but they could never explain his kicking over the traces to *this* extent.

Force and fraud, fraud and force; that is the

old German gospel. Before the world can ever be at peace, something will have to happen that has never happened yet; the Germans who do not believe in that gospel will have to predominate over those who do. How can that come to pass? There was an old Russian saying that one only learns to pray from the heart on the sea in winter. Germans will have to learn to pray anew, to ask pardon of mankind for the agonies that they have inflicted on it. The prayer is ready and it is this:

Thus to our children there shall be no handing
Of aims so vile and passions so abhorred,
But peace, the peace that passes understanding,
Not in our time but in their time, O Lord.

Germans in the plural will have to say it often before they know what it means, and still more often before they mean what it says. And their own god, Force, will be needed to persuade them to their knees; for the League of German Maidens is a long way from that prayer.

I pointed out the other day that German heroes were mostly offensive persons judged by other people's standards. The Nazis have pushed this tendency to amazing lengths. Horst Wessel lived on the immoral earnings of women. In America he would have been gaoled as a White Slaver; in Germany he is a National Anthem. And Hitler doesn't like Goethe, and Niemöller is in a concentration-camp. You will now see that

the mythical German heroes are also an unappetizing crowd.

You have heard of the Nibelungenlied, and you may have heard the expression Nibelungentreue. *Treue* in German means a combination of Loyalty and Straightforwardness. Let us look at the confused outline of this story, because it is an important window of the German mind.

Siegfried, grandson of the Divine Wotan the Warmonger, Siegfried, the German hero of heroes, the usual mixture of force and fraud, got hold of the Tarnhelm, a helmet which not only made one invisible but enabled one to take any shape one liked, particularly a shady one. Now King Gunther, another noble fellow—they are always called Noble Gunther and Noble Siegfried—wanted to marry Brunhild, a very formidable lady. Brunhild, however, who was as hard as nails, wouldn't look at anybody who wasn't tough, and Gunther wasn't a tough enough suitor. He accordingly got Siegfried to deputize—under his hat. Gunther in fact swindled Brunhild into marriage by a sort of *ersatz* athleticism. But on the occasion of the wedding the muscular and aggressive Brunhild proved rebellious; in fact, she laid Gunther out and tied him to the bedpost. An impossible woman, I should say; but Gunther persevered. The next day he again put up his substitute. Siegfried, still under his

hat, took the place and shape of Gunther, who was in pretty bad shape. But Noble Siegfried had a wife of his own called Krimhild, Gunther's sister—and when Krimhild and Brunhild both found out that Noble Siegfried has been taking Noble Gunther's place, there was some unpleasantness. It was worse than the eternal triangle; the wrangle was a quadrangle. But it's all great German romance. Of course it didn't suit Noble Gunther that an inconvenient witness of his shortcomings should be alive and swanking; and happily he had a pet crook called Hagen, always known as Faithful Hagen. Faithful Hagen worked up Krimhild, and got her to mark the only vulnerable spot on her husband's body; and then Noble Gunther invited his collaborator to an athletic competition. Siegfried was for the high jump; for Faithful Hagen stabbed Noble Siegfried in the back, and embezzled the widow's Nibelungen treasure, because he thought all this necessary to protect the honour—mark the word “honour”—and interest—don't forget the interest—of his Noble King Gunther *über Alles*. Heil Gunther! But this was a bit too much, even for Krimhild; and it became altogether too much when Faithful Hagen, having swindled her into murdering *her* brother and *his* master by promising to tell her where the swag was, just laughed at her when she produced Noble Gunther's head. So she carved off Hagen's head

while he was at lunch—with some other heads—and then Krimhild was killed too; and finally Wotan the Warmonger—according to Wagner—set fire to Valhalla and burned up the other gods, Brunhild having meanwhile burned herself up on Siegfried's funeral pyre. So a good, if somewhat confusing, time was had by all according to these lurid German lights.

Literature owns no comparable epic, save perhaps the pointless and improbable pursuit of the Farmer's Wife by the Three Blind Mice, and her ruthless and senseless application of the Carving Knife to their tails.

Now the Nibelungenlied is interesting precisely because it is not immediately apparent to anyone but a German where the Loyalty and Straightforwardness come in; and because it is difficult for anyone but a German to understand how such people are taken as models of faith and honour. It is all the more interesting now because to modern Germany Hagen rather than Siegfried is the hero; and that is because Hitler himself is much nearer to Hagen than to Siegfried. And what is the attraction of this sordid record of force and fraud? Hitler has told us. "We want to be barbarians," he said. There is nothing new or surprising in the German rejection of Christianity. "The governing idea of the centuries, from the fourteenth to the nine-

teenth, is the wrestle of the German intellect not only against Rome but against Christianity itself. . . . While preparing to found a world-empire, Germany is also preparing to create a world-religion." So wrote Professor Cramb in 1913. High talking and low living! The new "world-religion" turns out to be identical with Hitler's cure for unemployment: "Arms; for the love of Wotan, arms." And other people's blood, and other people's soil. Small change since Caesar. There is therefore also nothing surprising in the fact that Hitler's Germans *are* barbarians. But why should they *want* to be? Hitler, unquenchably loquacious, has told us again. He has never been able to refrain from letting wild-cats out of the bag. Savagery, illiteracy, perfidy, cruelty are necessary to the creation of a master-class and a master-race. "We are the enemies of intelligence," he has said. I couldn't have put it better. And since Hitler and his Germans wish to revert, and are reverting, to the savage German state of sixty generations ago, it is at least necessary to glance at the conditions of that state. That is why I have gone back to the beginning of German history. Hitler insists on it. Between his conception of a *Herrenvolk* (master-race)—the post arrogated by Germans for themselves—and a *Herdenvolk* (herd-race)—the part assigned by Germans to others—there

is a difference of one letter and the whole world. "These slaves will by no means be denied the blessings of illiteracy," says Herr Darré, the German Minister of Agriculture. Thank you, Herr Darré. Chalk that one up too.

V

HONOUR AND GLORY

WHEN I first went to Germany I felt that there might be some difference of outlook between our two countries. There was. I was at a German school at the end of the last century, and learned what it was like to be really hated. For some time a general explosion of Anglo-phobia had been in full blast. It was unpleasant, sometimes painful, to be in a theatre or restaurant. It was worse to be at home. The headmaster's daughter used to pursue me about the house, even into my bedroom, cursing England, foretelling our destruction and the rise of Germany on our ruins. The other inmates joined in her pastime with gusto and venom. The innocents told us that it was "only pretty Fanny's way"; and, as usual, events proved them wrong. In my boyhood it became apparent to me that Germans in the plural meant to destroy us if they could. I have therefore never paid too much

attention to their false professions of friendship and protestations of innocent aims.

There has never been any true German departure from that inner political hatred of England, based mainly on jealousy, the most potent engine of evil in the human frame. In all my long experience I have never known Germans in the plural vary one of two attitudes. They have either openly, and often violently, vented their hatred of us; or else they have tried to throw dust in our eyes. Considering how loudly they have voiced their first motive, I have always been astonished to see how far they succeeded in their second. "For fifty years we have been out to destroy England," said a German General when Germany invaded Norway; "and this time we are leaving nothing to chance." Fifty years is about right, so far as my own observation is concerned. We barred the path of the Brazen Horde, to world-domination.¹ Hence the sound and fury and sabre-rattling, alternating with sapping and burrowing and subtler propaganda and more covert preparations for war. For over forty of these years I have watched them doing this, and said that they were doing

¹ "It is *not* our colonies that Germany desires. It is a great central European State, with these islands as its conquered provinces."—PROFESSOR CRAMB, 1913. See Professor Banse—twenty years later.

it. And many people were angrier with me for saying it than with the Germans for doing it. Throughout that period the world was pathetically loth to believe so much evil in spite of so much warning. There was certainly no prejudice—except in Germany's favour.

Looking back on it all, I sometimes think that the world's virtues can be as dangerous as its vices. After 1918 all the indulgent bobbed up again, claiming that 1914 was an unhappy accident. So many excuses and explanations, biased or charitable, were invented, that the truth once again became obscured. For the sake of humanity *that* must never be allowed to happen again. The war of 1914 was no more an accident than the war of 1939, or the war of 1870, or the war of 1866, or the war of 1864, or the wars of Frederick the Great, or the wars of Barbarossa, or the wars of Charlemagne, or the wars of Caesar's annual warmongers. All Germany's wars have been most carefully and deliberately prepared, and launched at what Germany's rulers thought the most opportune moment. *Nothing*, in the words of the German General, has been left to chance. *Everything* that ingenuity could devise has always been ready for The Day; and there will never be a day when the world can breathe freely, unless this fact is recognized. Hitler and the long murderous line of his predeces-

sors—Good Old Fritz, Glorious Otto, Divine Adolf—have been outcomes, *not* aberrations.

No sensitive individual could live in the Germany of the late 'nineties and early twentieth century, and have Hymns of Hate daily dinned into his ears, without seeing plainly enough where this was going to lead at *some* time in his manhood. I saw too much idolatry of war not only in the professors but in the carefully mis-directed young. In no other country could a head-hunter like Treitschke have perverted an entire generation. And in no other country could you make a Leader of the German Youth Movement out of a noted pervert like Baldur von Schirach, or a Leader of the German Labour Front out of a noted drunkard like Doctor Ley. "We have a divine right to rule," said the doctor. The claim to divinity comes strangely from such a source. Dr. Ley and his associates and his audiences are like the lady who had so much taste, and all of it bad. Bad taste, however, has never been a handicap in Germany; on the contrary, it is an essential equipment. Without it you cannot succeed in the profession of political incendiary. People who consider themselves divinely appointed to rack and pillage their neighbours have necessarily a disgusting conception both of God and man. In consequence all other tastes sink correspondingly low. And bad taste and hard drinking were accordingly a

veritable passport to success in Imperial Germany.

I saw something of that in the student life at the Universities. A lot of saccharine, like the play "Old Heidelberg," was handed out to the innocent foreigner; but student life wasn't really a bit like that. Duelling and sousing yourself in beer were the only fashionable pastimes. If you were any good at all, you had to be a member of a fighting students' club, and insult anyone who wasn't a reactionary. It was important to insult people so that *they* should insult you; otherwise you couldn't get your proper quota of duels—Bismarck, for instance, collected twenty-six. This system made it difficult from youth up for a German to grasp the meaning of the word "aggressor," because *everyone* was an aggressor. The word just lost its meaning. Even in the last century I found these lads as automatically aggressive as any of Hitler's vintage. Well, in this quarrelsome crowd there were two codes: a Code of Honour, or fighting, and a Code of Drinking. If you lived up, or down, to both you became a Colour student; you got your colours, as we should have given them for football or cricket. For boozing and slashing you earned a coloured ribbon which, with the angry sword-scars across your face, composed the German Old School Tie. It was a passport to a job when you left, just as membership of the Hitler Youth

is the passport to a job now. The Civil Service and the Law Courts were full of this material.

This old Heidelberg racket is partly responsible for the illusion that Germans are sentimental. That isn't the right word. "Emotional" is nearer. Now *emotionalism* can produce tears. It can also produce savagery. It can also produce both together. After the massacre of Rotterdam in 1940, Ribbentrop started snivelling "Wir haben dies nicht gewollt"—"We didn't want to do it." Such cant only makes the action more contemptible. No one will be taken in by that sort of thing. The Walrus wept over the oysters, but he and the Carpenter ate "every one."

As one grew older and saw more of this German Code of Honour, it seemed a still more curious thing. "Honour in England," says Dorothy Thompson, "means allegiance to accepted standards of conduct. Honour in Germany means prestige." That is well said. And of many exponents of German honour it might also be said:

His honour rooted in dishonour stood,
And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true

Indeed, that has unfortunately a nation-wide application. When Bismarck committed forgery to ensure the Franco-Prussian war, it did not occur to one German in a hundred that he was a forger. On the contrary, they all thought him

very clever; and since his action gave them what they wanted, war, he was completely justified. Forgery, therefore, has not been inconsistent with German honour. Similarly, when the German Chancellor, on the eve of the last war, described a treaty signed by Prussia as a "scrap of paper," not one German in a hundred was shocked; for, as I have shown you, that is exactly what all Germans have thought of all treaties throughout the ages. Bethmann-Hollweg was quite consistent, and, in German eyes, he was a perfectly honourable man. Perjury therefore has not been contrary to German honour. Nor has it ever occurred to one German in a hundred that Hitler has ruined even the sham profession and semblance of German honour; that of all his vows, protestations, promises, internal or external, solemn or bawling, literally not one has been kept.¹ Has not Hitler been "clever"? Has he not thrown dust in the eyes of his victims? Germans "honour" him for *that*—just as they honoured Bismarck. Lying and cheating have not been contrary to German honour. Ger-

¹ These are now too numerous and too notorious to be worthy of mention; but one typical specimen may be included as a joke—the right way to take a German oath. "Germany," says Hitler, "will tread no other path than that laid down by treaties. The German people have no thought of invading any country. Germany will never break the peace of Europe."

"What, never?"—"Well, hardly ever," anticipated Gilbert and Sullivan.

mans have pledged no word without breaking it, have made no treaty without dishonouring it, touched no international faith without soiling it. For generations they have been ruining all trust between men; and they will not expect to be lightly trusted again. Black Record indeed! Is it not time there was a change? There *must* be a change, but how vast a one!

Let us look further into that code as practised in private life under the Kaiser.

One sunny afternoon in the 'nineties, after lunching with a crack cavalry regiment, the officers and I drove to the races in a great charabanc. Most of them had done themselves very well at lunch; and some of them leaned out as we went, playfully insulting civilians. Now that was dangerous. Of course in militarized Germany civilians practically never dared to stand up to officers—civilians were inferior beings; but if they did a dilemma arose.

Between *officers* duelling was the only way of wiping out an insult; but it was forbidden by law, while being compulsory in honour. Therefore, if you fought a duel you went into a comfortable fortress for a year; if you didn't fight a duel you were kicked out of the Army. So everyone of course fought duels. You had no choice; you just had to break the law. And that led Germans to break other laws, including those of humanity and international law. What else can

you expect when the most important class in the community is taught systematically to break the most important laws—those that forbid the shedding of blood? It also led to some horrid domestic consequences.

In my early years, for example, a German officer was going to get married. He gave a farewell bachelor-dinner; and between drinks he quarrelled with his best friend. Both of them were sorry when they were sober; but a Court of Honour decided that they had to fight, and the bridegroom was killed by his best friend on his wedding-morn. The killer went to a fortress, and had a great reception when he came out. He had carried out the Code of Honour. The dead man's fiancée was expected to see that.

But the Code of Honour was much more complicated and absurd when an officer and a *civilian* were involved. An officer might get into a brawl with someone who was not honourably qualified to fight. In that case the officer—even if he had begun it—could only cut the fellow down. If he didn't commit murder, he might lose his commission; and then an honourable man might feel compelled to kill himself. I was wondering about all this on our embarrassing way to the races. Supposing one of the insulted civilians did retort? What then? Would there be murder, or something very like it? I supposed that, according to the Code of Honour, the answer would

have had to be Yes. That would be an extraordinary prelude to enjoyment! I was quite certain that I preferred to go racing in less aggressive fashion.

VI

ÜBER ALLES

I THINK it was a great master of the German language, Arthur Schnitzler, who took up this ferocious folly of duelling. He wrote a short story, called *Leutnant Gustl*, which made a loud stir in my youth. Lieutenant Gustl comes out of a theatre and jostles a civilian. The civilian isn't qualified to fight; so Lieutenant Gustl tries to cut him down. But the civilian is much stronger than Gustl, and puts his hand over Gustl's hand, so that he can't draw his sword. Gustl is in a ridiculous situation. He worries about it all night, so much so that he thinks of killing himself. The blood-mongers were so angry with Schnitzler for making mock of duelling that he was boycotted.

I nearly got into this sort of trouble myself. I too had been to the theatre with a German friend. I was nineteen, the moon was full; I felt very happy and at peace with all men. Coming out of the theatre I also bumped into a civilian.

I apologized, said good evening, and in turning I bumped into an officer. So I cheerfully said good evening to him too. Whereupon my German friend ran for his life. I found him round the corner three blocks away. "Why did you run away like that?" I asked.—"My God," he answered, "that officer would have been entitled to cut you down."—"But I only said good evening."—"Exactly. It was cheek."—"Well," I said, "why, if he might have cut *me* down did *you* run away?" He didn't answer. And then it dawned on me: the officer might have cut us *both* down because *I* had been too matey.

I was more careful after this; but that didn't save me from more trouble. It came to me during my first German tennis tournament. I was a beginner, and got a big handicap; and so it came about that I was still plodding along in the handicap singles, just when the two tennis heroes of *all* our youths, the brothers Doherty, were playing the final of the open doubles on the next court. My opponent was a champion duellist, called Captain Flesch. The town had turned out to look at the Dohertys. The only people near Flesch and me were two Germans flirting with two girls under the trees; also there was a dog. But none of them, not even the dog, was looking at us; and they were quite right. The few points that I scored unluckily coincided with outbursts of applause round the Dohertys'

court. Flesch thereupon challenged me to a duel, on the ground that I had packed the court. He also said he would challenge the two Germans; but they knew a thing or two, and made off, girls and dog and all. After Captain Flesch had done hunting them, he came back and challenged me again. But by then I had had time to think. So I said: "Look here, nothing would induce me to fight you with a pistol or a sword; but if you challenge me any more I shall hit you. And then, as there will be no duel, won't you be dishonoured, and have to commit suicide? Let's go on with the game." But the bullet-headed Captain wouldn't. I began to think that Germany was a great country—to get away from.

This story has a postscript in which I took no part. The Captain went on to another tournament, and did exactly the same thing. The duel was fought with sabres; his opponent was a novice and let fly too soon, wounding him severely in the right arm before the show had even started. "Hi," said everyone, "you can't do that."—"Sorry," said the novice, "I lost my head. Captain Flesch has lost his right arm. We're quits. But, of course, if the Captain would care to go on with his *left* arm, *my* honour will be quite satisfied."

These personal experiences are small things in themselves: yet they illustrate the point that the Germany of the 'nineties and of the early

part of this century had many elements of a primitive society, and that German honour was a dense and dangerous commodity even to its owners. A foul and convenient code has however enabled Germans through the ages to do what they like with high-sounding words upon their lips. I have shown you that in public as in private life German honour not only enables but commands a German to kill his neighbour, and to keep always in adequate training to do so. Rabindranath Tagore once said that people who grew more and more armour at the expense of their brains became like prehistoric animals, unfit to survive. That, alas, is true, but it doesn't work out like that.

The Kaiser's Germany was indeed so primitive beneath the veneer, that liberalism had no chance in post-war Germany. The Republic of Weimar fell because Germans in the plural never really desired political independence or maturity. No one of humanitarian views was ever very far out of danger of being murdered. I think it was a Japanese who invented the term "dangerous thoughts." Hitler and his associates have considered as dangerous any thoughts that were liberal, humane or merciful; and they have abused in unmeasured terms all who held them. Perhaps the most remarkable phenomenon of our time is the systematic German degradation of the German language to the permanent level

of the barrack-square. Germans in fact, have never been able to be polite even to their friends; so we, their enemies, don't pay much attention to their abuse.

It would be an interesting study to compare in detail the Kaiser's Germany with Hitler's, and to show how Nazism is not an aberration but an outcome. The similarities are so numerous that I have no time for all of them; but I will enumerate a few. The Kaiser's speeches were essentially the same as Hitler's. Adolf, the clap-trap king, has echoed the flamboyant flourishes of the imperial barnstormer. The cry for a dominant race of nordic master-men was persistent: at that time it came from unbalanced intelligences like Nietzsche and Treitschke, though I must say again how largely Nietzsche has been misread, and how little these two men had in common. Now the cry comes from crossbreeds like Hitler and Goebbels. Then as now Germans were furious with a world that does not give to them everything that they think their efficiency deserves. Then as now anti-Semitism was strong, though of course not so violent. Then as now the expansionists, especially those in the Fatherland Party, wanted to annex everyone else's Fatherland, and displayed maps claiming as German half France, all Belgium and Switzerland, and most of European Russia. Once again there has been little change in German habits. France,

said Bismarck, must be "paralysed." France, said Hitler, must be "annihilated." Why? Just continuity of thought—"thinking with the blood." How they ranted in imperial days of "frightfulness," "ruthlessness" and appalling things to come. How the words "brutal," "fanatical," "merciless" have always been hopping like toads from Hitler's lips. Then as now militarists persecuted and despised intellectuals. One was always meeting, and shrinking from, the living spits of the Nazi who said: "When I hear the word culture, I push back the safety-catch of my revolver." The man who wrote that, by the way, was President of the Reich Chamber of Culture. Then as now the German working-man had no say in his own fate: he was just cannon-fodder and factory-fuel. Of course there are differences too. There was more lip-service to morals, instead of the present vaunted lack of any traditional restraints. The Kaiser's régime had its scandals: they were nothing to the orgies of the Nazi police-state. In the Kaiser's day Germans had at least some ostensible political morality; politics were to them a proceeding in which there were fair fouls but no foul fouls. If anyone thought differently he must be a hypocrite. Hitler has made fouling conscious and deliberate. Germans have become more amoral than immoral. Hitler, in a word, has gone further in the programme of permanent mastery through

planned corruption. Again, in the Kaiser's time there were no concentration-camps. This particular cruelty is a throw-back to earlier forms of barbarism. Here however there *has* been progress—in the wrong direction. The modern German is *more* cruel to his prisoners than were his mediaeval forbears. The Gestapo and the Black Guards of the concentration-camps have steadily increased the methods of anguish that the strong can inflict on the weak, when they have bestial and ingenious minds. The excruciating torments that they have devised for the human body are beyond belief, and beyond forgetting. I am not, however, going to harrow you here with the detailed catalogue of horrors, under which many prisoners, Jews, Czechs, Poles and Germans, too, have slowly expired. We are fighting to defend the world from suffering them in its own riven flesh. But it must be realized that in Poland, for example, the Brazen Horde is carrying out a policy of racial extermination as systematically as Imperial Germany exterminated the Hereros, and the Poles have been, and are being, deliberately caused to die by the thousand of exposure.¹ The Brazen Horde and its apologists will deny this; but it is true. And it is true because the Brazen Horde has not changed down

¹ "We understand that our two nations (Germany and Poland) must live beside one another, that one of them cannot do away with the other one."—HITLER, 1938.

the ages. The torturers and assassins and exterminators of the Gestapo are the lineal descendants of that imperial butcher-bird, General von Trotha, who, in the Kaiser's heyday, deliberately wiped out whole tribes in Africa: wiped them out, women and children, in every circumstance of horror and calculated brutality, score upon score of thousands of them—just what his people are doing in Europe today. That was what was meant by "a place in the sun"; that is what is meant by "living-space" today. In 1914 the place in the sun led to the sun being extinguished for ever in millions of eyes. In 1939 living-space meant converting Europe into a mortuary for subject races. "The Germans," said Froissart, "are hard and cruel to their prisoners." He wrote that five hundred years ago. And in October 1940, the German Gauleiter, Greiser, has explicitly instructed his fellow-countrymen to treat Poles with hardness, loathing and starvation. Here again there is no change in the Germans—except for the worse.

There is another difference. Art, in Imperial Germany, was in a fairly flourishing condition. There is none worth the name in Nazi Germany. Nazism is like a beech-tree; nothing can grow beneath it. Another change for the worse—always for the worse. I am a patient play-goer; but the last time I was in Germany I found it impossible to sit through anything, though I be-

lieve there has been one masterpiece with a pig as the leading character. "Statesmen without a heartfelt relation to art," said Dr. Goebbels, "are always second-rate." What happens when the art is third-rate? Today, however, we are not concerned with art—save in so far as it has been politically prostituted—but with the unrelated problem of Germany's conduct to her neighbours. This, however, must be said. Compared with the pain that Germans have brought to man, the pleasure that they have given is literally a drop in an ocean. It cannot enter into any serious argument now. To mankind as a whole Germans have brought nothing but misery in all its worst forms.

Other similarities between Kaiser and Fuehrer are their boundless conceit, their laughable megalomania. But for this combination of conceit and megalomania Hitler would never have given away so much of his game in *Mein Kampf*. Unfortunately he gave away so much that again people didn't take him seriously. Surely no one could really be as bad as that! But he was. I remember labelling him in 1930 as "ridiculously dangerous." Let me illustrate by one example among ten thousand what I meant by that word "ridiculously." "America," said Hitler, "is *permanently* on the brink of revolution." He has never been there, but he knows everything, mind you. "I have," he says, "the gift of reducing all

problems to their simplest foundations." Have you indeed? Then let us look at another of your gems on the New World. You could, you say, substitute German for English as the language of the United States. When I was a child of four I remember saying to an inconveniently questioning visitor: "I know everything in the world." But at least I had the ordinary prudence to add hastily: "Please don't tell my governess."

VII

THE CONCLUSION OF THE MATTER

THIS inflated Hitler is the man who, like the inflated Kaiser and the Kaiser's inflated ancestors, said, "I want war." They all succeeded. They all had a "mission." Like Frederick the Great they all wanted to extend Germany's borders and cramp her soul, no matter what the cost. We have never admitted the German mission to dictate the destiny of this world. It is not for nothing that a great war was fought eighty years ago in America to *end* slavery. We gave the proper answer to the Kaiser forty years ago.

You were not meant to cut these Gordian knots,
And solve the nations' problems willy nilly.
You only make yourself and royal Pots—
dam silly.

But the Kaiser persevered in his scarlet dreams. In 1933 Hitler talked of taking on his conscience without hesitation the deaths of two or three million Germans. That is what the Kaiser actually did. But a few years later Hitler was putting

his figure at ten millions. Here also there is progress—of a kind. "Fundamentally," says an American writer, "the German people had remained more or less what they always were." He is right. And he is right too when he goes on to say how German breasts "swell with pride" at each new exploit of German U-boats and fliers. Yes, swollen indeed—gorged on human flesh! They "swell with pride" though—or because—the U-boats drown women and children, and aviators machine-gun them in the streets and fields. They made a film out of the atrocities committed in Poland, and showed it as proudly as Tilly reported the sack of Magdeburg three hundred years earlier.

In discussing these oath-bound, hide-bound, dreary robots you always come drearily back to war. Germany has always been so mad keen to win victories that it has lost the notion of happiness. Germans have always tended to treat Germany itself as a conquered country. Germans have never been fools enough to repeat that war settles nothing. War, on the contrary, settles everything: the only question is for how long. So Germans have always written up war. Compare the writings of the Kaiser's General von Bernhardi with those of Hitler's Professor Banse. Both alike not only glorify war but advocate the crushing of their neighbours. There is no difference between them, except that Banse was

so abominable that the neighbours, as usual, would not take him seriously. But the Bernhardi-Banse stuff is common form. The following quotation is taken at random from thousands available. It is from the organ of the German Army, *Deutsche Wehr*¹: "Every human and social activity is justified only if it helps to prepare for war. The new human being is completely possessed by the thought of war. He must not, cannot, think of anything else." People of the world, where is the change since Tacitus wrote: "They hate peace"? If there were the least doubt about it, let us listen again to Hitler himself: "War is the most natural, the most everyday matter. War is eternal. War is life." Life! What do you say to that, Man in the Street, Man in the Shelter, Man, Woman and Child in the Grave? "We want to be barbarians," said Hitler. Germans, you don't have to want. You are. How long are you going on? Your own Goethe said that ages must pass before you *cease to be barbarians*. Why not prove him wrong? Or listen to your own Hölderlin: "Thus I was come among the Germans. I did not look for much, and was prepared to find even less. . . . Barbarians from old time, rendered more barbarous by hard

¹ This must be read with the *Völkischer Beobachter*: "For young Germany there are no formulae into which we can compress our national claim to existence." The sky is not the limit.

work, science and even religion profoundly incapable of any godlike emotion . . . offending every well-disciplined spirit by all manner of pitiable excess. . . . This is a hard saying, yet I say it because it is the truth. I cannot imagine any people that is more inwardly torn than the Germans. You see artisans but no human beings; thinkers and priests but no human beings; masters and servants, youths and middle-aged folks, but no human beings. Is it not like a battle-field, where hands, arms and limbs of all sorts lie scattered about, while the life-blood gushes out and is lost in sand?" Why not prove him wrong too—at long last. "What would you do, Philip," said the Court Jester to the French King, "if all the world said Yes, and you said No?" All the world says Yes to progress. Germany says: "No. Go back—back—back—to what we Germans were, and are. *We want to be barbarians.*" Beware, mankind. For once Germans in the plural are telling the truth.* There have been bright ineffectual angels in Germany: but those who have suffered from Germans through the years know only that they have always been ineffectual, and that so we must consider them, till the question is answered whether the Night of the Dark Ages is to descend upon the world, or the "Night of Long Knives" upon the Nazis.

Many prominent Englishmen who met Goering, afterwards professed a personal liking for

him. That is certainly charitable; for Goering is a dope-fiend, a wholesale thief and still more a wholesale murderer. Someone will soon be calling *him* great instead of gross. It was he who carried out the massacre of Hitler's friends and his own enemies on June 30, 1934. The Germans tried to make out that only four hundred had been killed. In fact, the figure was nearer twelve hundred killed in that one massacre—part of a continual process. Blood-bath indeed! It was a swimming-bath. And of all the peoples in the world the blood-bath shocked the Germans least. And if they realize one day in defeat—but only in defeat—that they have been led into another *universal* blood-bath by another ferocious expansionist, they will also be the least shocked of all peoples in the world, while expecting more sympathy than all their victims together. Germans, in the plural, are built that way. Yet these Englishmen liked Goering—or persuaded themselves that they did—and made allowances for him and his fellow criminals. Why? Because they definitely did not want to believe the worst. Nobody can say that the butcher-bird has not had every chance.

Another poignant illustration. Goering was prodigal of assurances that “in the event of war, his airmen would not bomb anything except definitely military objectives.” And people believed him. Once again they were slow to be-

lieve evil of Germany. Yet long ago Goering had been getting practice in bombing civilians at Guernica. And there again charity stepped in—charity to the Germans. Of course Guernica was just a rehearsal; but at the time the slaughter of the Innocents, the destruction of the unoffending, was so utter that many people at first just wouldn't believe it of the Germans. They gasped, and then began to splutter that the Communists had done it, that the Spaniards had done it themselves. People actually said that! Innocents themselves! The German airman who led the raid was one Sperrle. Remember that name. He was a pioneer.

We are considering only the features of German policy, character and action which for centuries have been a burden to humanity. Those and only those. No feats of scholarship console us for bloodshed. It is a matter of little moment to us that there has been many a German who would prefer to "cultivate his garden," or drive his trade, or play the fool or the flute, if he were let alone. The hard fact is that he never is let alone. Frederick the Great played the flute: Catherine the Great dabbled in culture and wrote bright letters. Both were efficient administrators. That is a matter of neither interest nor comfort to victims, who would indeed prefer that aggressors should be *less* efficiently ruled! What do Hitler's alleged passions for Wagner

and architecture matter so long as Czech students can be shot for singing at a funeral, and ten times as many be mutilated and done to death on any pretext or opportunity? And Germans raped the girl-students in the presence of the boy-students, before they shot the boys. And many others—boys and girls—have been so handled as to prevent them from ever having children. And Old-School Neurath is their Protector! And great numbers of Polish girls have been forced into brothels for German soldiers, and there worked to death. "We buried many Polish women when we had done with them," writes a warrior of the Brazen Horde. (The Golden Horde at least could not write.) And things like these are mere episodes and incidents, mere ripples in the great flood of ruthless German tyranny. I speak of what I know. No comments from me are necessary on people who can produce always and in sufficient quantity the men who will do these things. I have met people here who, in smug insularity, refuse to credit, or even to hear, these horrors. This instinctive aversion to "unhappy far-off things" is more than the old dangerous striving not to believe the worst. It is callous selfishness. The Channel has screened the modern Pharisees from agonies which even brave men could not avert from less favoured frontiers. The Brazen Horde, avowedly and in every respect, has lived down

to the reputation of the Golden Horde. Wise men knew long ago what was coming. "It is merely barbarism which is ready to throw itself upon us," wrote a famous Frenchman after the battle of Sadowa in 1866. What sort of life has Germany allowed the world to lead even between wars?

The thoughts of others
Were light and fleeting,
Of lovers' meeting
Or luck or fame.

Mine were of trouble,
And mine were steady,
So I was ready
When trouble came.

You could adopt that attitude; or you could trust them, and be deceived. What a choice! In either case happiness was barred. That is not life at all. Generations of us have never tasted *real* peace; and we never shall taste it until the incubus is removed.

A last glance at Hitler—the Apostle of Savagery. "Germany," he says, "is only a beginning. Germany will be Germany only when it is Europe. We are the chosen." What! Is the new chosen people to be one that is prevented from thinking until it can no longer think? Is the master race to be a deaf horde that knows only blind servility to tyrants? Are Europe and the

world to be afflicted by a creed that replaces, in its own words, "the European spirit with racial realism," that openly repudiates human rights in favour of national egotism, that expressly makes self-interest the sole test of right or wrong? To that question mankind—however tortured—has but one answer: God forbid.

I end as I began. The regeneration of the Brazen Horde is not impossible. Nothing in history is impossible. The soul of a people *can* be changed. Other peoples have performed the feat. Why not Germany? Because she has not yet really tried. The effort can be made, but it will have to be a very big effort. You have seen how far the German character has to go. I told you at the outset that the cure will have to be drastic, and largely self-administered. Without a fundamental change of soul, no other cure, no mere administrative or technical tinkering can be permanent. I will only add that it must at best be slow. It will take *at least* a generation. Germans call themselves a young nation. They are not. They are as old as anyone else. They are quite old enough to know better. They don't, and—so far—they don't want to. That makes it all the more difficult for them to turn over a new leaf. But they have got to do it, and close the chapter, and throw away the book of their false gods. Believe no false prophets who tell you that they have done so. Take no German word for

it that they have done so. Above all, never be duped by the type of German who says that he disapproves of atrocities, but was obliged to commit them out of loyalty to the Fatherland. If one's father is a professional murderer, one should help the police, not rush into the same profession. Let no other irrelevant qualities divert you from the real issue—the conduct of Germans toward their neighbours. A man may be a killer and a good husband, but only arch-dupes will be interested in his observance of the Seventh Commandment so long as he is breaking the Sixth. There were plenty of ways out for good Germans in the plural, always in the plural: but precious few took them, just because they were precious few. If they are ever to predominate, there must be many, many more. And be duped no more by the Brazen Horde itself. It will come brazenly after defeat, and profess that it has never done anything wrong, and trot out those irrelevant qualities.¹ Never be blinded again by the sideshows of German literature, medicine, music, philosophy. Like “the flowers that bloom in the spring,” these attributes “have nothing to do with the case”—*your* case. One thing, and one thing only, matters. The facts of aggression are there, and admit no further argument. The innocents have had their Day. It will

¹ “I have never made incendiary speeches, I have never sown hate against anyone.”—HITLER.

be your own fault if they have another. Be duped no more by the friends and touts of the Brazen Horde, by the camp-followers, by those who have not the courage to face the truth, let alone speak it. All these will join unctuously in long litanies of denial. They did that after the last war. The denials were lies. They will not work *this* time. There is no horror that Germans have *not* committed; and the hurricane of cruelty must be succeeded by the wave of indignation. Beware therefore lest another sham reformation be staged. Take nothing for granted. Make sure for yourselves and for your children.



INTRODUCTION

I HAVE written this little book because there is need of establishing some guiding principles in the conduct of international affairs, especially in connection with Germany. Numerous other principles could of course be added, and may indeed be added later. For the time being, however, I wish the collection to remain as short and simple as possible.

Football first began without either rules or goals; it was just a "free for all," in which a crowd hoofed a ball aimlessly through the streets. Subsequently somebody laid down some principles and objectives, so that people had a notion of what they were doing and why. This was held to be an improvement; it was even called progress.

Foreign affairs have also been a "free for all," the hurly-burly played without training or qualification, and above all without rules. It was played not only by professionals but by a vast

number of amateurs, including many enthusiastic spectators for whom the goal consisted—not unnaturally—in scoring off an opponent, when he could be identified in the crowd. Included in the confusion were even some visionaries, who considered that they were the whole match.

*I am the batsman and the bat,
I am the bowler and the ball,
The umpire, the pavilion cat,
The roller, pitch, and stumps, and all—*

if I may switch their metaphor to cricket. It has not been easy to play the game, for it has not been always clear what the game was.

A man without principles and an unprincipled man are two very different things: one may drift into trouble, the other is looking for it. In the field of international affairs the three great democracies have suffered from a plethora of ideals and a dearth of direction. All three have attempted to live through an era of emergency on systematised chaos, rusty machinery and short-sighted egotisms, plastered over with constitutional sanctions. One of the three has perished in the attempt, and the other two have found themselves in widely differing degrees of danger.

There was no excuse for their predicament. A century of German Hitlerature had lain open

for inspection. Three centuries ago Cromwell had exactly anticipated and branded the whole raucous German claim: "Feigned necessities, imaginary necessities . . . are the greatest cozenage that men can put upon the Providence of God, and make pretences to break known rules by." But there can be no writing on the wall when the Wall is as dense and human as Snout in *The Midsummer Night's Dream*! I attribute the two greatest and most gratuitous catastrophes of civilisation not to any obscurity of German design—it was transparent—but to the absence of guiding regulations in democracy's conduct of its key business, foreign affairs. It will be indispensable in the future that those who handle any branch of politics, above all the key business of foreign affairs, should first have received some specialised training. Democracy need not involve rigid amateurishness; on the contrary we must be a little more professional. In the unhappy past the invasion of foreign affairs by home politics led to such a queering of the pitch by the spectators, that the very ball was lost. In this field ill-informed meddlers are a mortal menace to mankind. Henceforth you would do well to examine their credentials. History will marvel at the levity with which democracy indulged in chaotics at the moment when Germany was proclaiming more greedily than ever that the world was her oyster.

Perhaps even now the lesson has not been fully learned here. (What France has learned we shall only know when Jonah emerges from the whale.) A popular (and, I think, profound) cartoon depicted a lunatic looking over the asylum wall at a labourer driving a horse-plough. "Are you going to enter that horse for the Derby," he asks, "for if so there are plenty of us in here potty enough to back it." The civilised world has been almost irretrievably ruined by two insane gambles on German nature, though Germany has always run absolutely and disastrously true to form, and will do so again if she gets the chance. To be wrong once may be unlucky; to be wrong twice must be unwise; to be wrong thrice would be criminal.

FIRST PRINCIPLE

THE DISTINCTION BETWEEN FRIENDS AND ENEMIES

WE HAVE got to "get this straight" and keep a balance. Some people, once over-inclined to Germany, are now—exasperated and exasperating—as critical of the people that left us in the lurch as of the horde ever bent upon murdering us. Since Germany has now brought off five out of her last nine attempts at war, and will certainly make a tenth if she remains strong enough, the United Nations did well to promise the restoration of France.

But not Vichy France—this shameful segment of France. It is useless to disguise the strength of feeling against it. As a lifelong defender of the faith, I should be doing sorry service to my French friends were I to blink the fact: *this* France the United Nations cannot restore, and it would be better for them to say so forthright and forthwith. The pledge of restoration was given to an open deserter, not to a sneaking enemy. The pledge was conditional, and the con-

dition has not been fulfilled. Let that now be stated—in fairness to the French people.

The France of Vichy—and it should be put daily to the rest of France, the real France—has been embarked on the policy of “Heads you lose, tails you can’t win.” (Conversely, pro-Germans would like to say to Germany: “Heads you win the earth, tails we’ll see that you don’t lose much”—and have ensured that Hunnery should persevere unto the end.) Now that is not a policy at all outside Bedlam or the Vichy Government. Were the Germans to win, the French would be their cattle, and M. Borotra would but ensure that they are well ribbed for the burdens of the Master Race. We, in victory, shall not forget *this* France. I am not speaking of *the* France; I am speaking *to* her. I wish that our Governments would do the same. What sufficient inducement has she to avoid the shafts of the German chariot if we allow the German hirelings, Brinon, Laval, to tell the French public what our pro-Germans would like to tell the German public?

No: this time we will not forget, will not slush indiscriminate sponges over all available blackboards. Mr. Eden has said so in the case of Bulgaria. But why only Bulgaria? Hungary is an even worse case. We have been regaled for generations with the legend that Hungary loves us. She has not only successfully dissembled that love

but invariably tried to kick us downstairs, whenever the landing looked dark enough. This, also, we shall not forget merely because some counts got some clothes in Sackville Street and some barons bilked some bookmakers. Rumanian weakness does not excuse Rumanian rottenness. It is not of much import or sustenance to us that the Finns did well at their preparatory school when they have had to be expelled from their clubs. All three jackal states are fighting against us. The Era of False Friends and False Values is closed. We shall see that it remains closed; but there will be some accounts to settle.

Let us return to the muggy atmosphere of Vichy. Marshal Hindenburg was a senile shepherd, surrounded by crooks. Marshal Pétain is at best in like case. We can no longer give to him the benefit of any doubts, for he appears to have none of his own. He deprives us of the slightest excuse for sparing him, seeing that he never spares himself in the cause of Laval which is the cause of Berlin. The case of wooden Hindenburg proved that you cannot leave old gentlemen out of account if they continue to be old while ceasing to be gentlemen.

France is down, and Marshal Pétain is leaning over her, solicitous lest she should rise—against himself. He has now laid her flat and seated Laval on her face. Justice? The Marshal has taken care of that. "I'll be judge, I'll be jury," said

cunning old Fury; "I'll try the whole cause and condemn you to death," if the prostrate body politic has the slightest twitch of political life. Police? Think of a number. Double it. Add thirty thousand to it. Don't take away the number you first thought of, and the Gestapo remains. It is to "take no notice of the prejudices of the French people."

Pétain has stamped upon the brow of his France the sign of the cross, but it was first the double and then the crooked cross. As the ventriloquist's dummy, he is put up by traitors to announce a programme of paralysis. It will meet with a world-wide response. Nothing for this France, and much for Free Frenchmen; nothing for the France of Hélène de Portes, and much for the France of Charlotte Corday. Much for the France of Foch; nothing for the France of Pétain. Foch also was nigh eighty when he passed over full of honour. I do not envy the ghost of Pétain the scorn that awaits him beyond the grave; even in the last war the great Marshal had seen the yellow streak in the little Marshal. To the France of Foch our hearts and hands still go out; but *his* France, *La France*, *the* France, herself must make the world see that she is his, not his crumpled colleague's in whose sight her thousand years are but as the sordid yesterday of 1940; they are gone as a watch in the German night.

After this war we shall remember our friends and not forget our enemies, be the German Panzer-Division numbered Rashid Ali, Quisling, "or any other adversity." It is high time that they were persuaded of this high policy. Dr. Goebbels's bandwagon is ever at the door to take dupes "for a ride." Let us at least give abstentionists an incentive. And how persuade them? By beginning at the right end—Germany. No one will easily believe that we shall not again be easily oblivious unless we make it plain that this time we are not going to overlook what Germany has habitually done unto others. No, indeed, we are not going to forget again.

No wise man at this stage would press the United Nations to define its war aims further than it has already done; on the contrary our Governments will be wise to avoid the entanglements that come of either saying too much or too little. There is one point, however, where immediate precision is not only a possibility but a duty to humanity. We have just received fresh and circumstantial evidence—indeed, the flow never ceases—of the beastliness and ghastliness being perpetrated in Poland, Russia, Czechoslovakia and, in varying scales, through all the dozen countries invaded by the German sadists. Let us at least proclaim that the offenders will be specially remembered. The big shots go without saying; but there are legions of small squirts, S.S.

men and Death's Head camp-guards, who, having deserved no less, should pay the same price. Let them be noted and listed in all the regions that they defile. The hardened practitioners will not be deterred; they are the sons of the men, in some cases the men themselves, who did likewise in 1914. Cruelty is in their bone and breed. But the eager apprentices, bent on their Day, will sometimes recoil at the knowledge that night must fall, and with night retribution. That much will be gained; that much we owe to sufferers. Let us at least *try* to help them.

We owe it even to Germany. Our policy is presumably to be based on the hope that the great whole will be regenerated by the small part, for the great whole is "Hitlerite," or, more clearly, militarist. Hope based on weakness needs strengthening, and it will dwindle to hypocrisy if these men are left free to carry on an even blacker reign of terror and murder than disgraced and darkened Germany after her last effort to enslave the world. The peace must be one not of vengeance but of justice; and the justice will be severe, else there will be no peace. Let us, therefore, get back to the First Principle: that we shall distinguish between our friends and our enemies, and that the latter will regret the distinction. That First Principle is sane and virile policy; it is also the best form of propaganda.

SECOND PRINCIPLE

STRAIGHT THINKING ABOUT GERMANY

IN LAUNCHING their Eight Points the Prime Minister and President Roosevelt spoke of the "Hitlerite Government." The expression is apt to be misleading. They say that we are at war with Hitlerite Germany. The contest is incontestable. What they did *not* say was that we are at war *only* with Hitlerite Germany. They are too wise to make, or accept, any statement in such flagrant contradiction with historic and daily fact. German policy has been a blatant, bawling thing. It borders upon *lèse-majesté* to suggest that Premier and President have been deaf to these ugly and deep-seated noises. It is more polite and more politic to be unadjectival in dealing with Germany. "Hitlerite" is a monstrous and meaningless word. It mars our dear and lovely language. Plain Germany to you. That is what we are fighting.

The "Hitlerite" myth is indeed "as headstrong as an allegory on the banks of the Nile." A per-

sistent effort is being made to suggest that the German nation is not in this war, and that in reality we are only faced by the Nazi Party. How easily we should have won the last war if we had only been fighting the Kaiser and some Junkers! But in that last war, of which this is the continuation, nobody talked such nonsense. Why now the larger lunacy?

Belief in the latent democratic virtues of the German people arises from the delusion that there was a *real* "revolution" in Germany after the last war. There was not. There was a defeated army. There was disintegration leading to *revolt*—a very different pair of boots—and the revolt was not against war, but against those who had lost it. The revolution, such as it was, soon went askew. The Weimar Republic, erroneously conceiving itself obliged to defend the old Nationalism and to choose between Communism and militarism, chose the latter, and was soon on the way to "As you were." The experiment of Weimar was bound to fail, because it had insufficient popular support, and no Republican Idea for its foundation. Not enough Germans really like liberty, and therefore really want it. (Heine made some entertaining observations on the subject.) They certainly do not know what to do with civil liberty when they have got it. Under Weimar there was complete freedom of speech for those bent on destroying freedom of speech,

and complete liberty to murder Liberals. The Weimar politicians committed every conceivable mistake. They received no help from Allied policy, but they would have failed no less surely and completely even if Western Europe had been inspired by the generosity that comes of confidence. And how was confidence compatible with the knowledge of what was already going on in Germany, with the consent, or at least the tolerance, of the German Government? La Rochefoucauld was wrong in saying that everyone complains of his memory and no one of his judgment.

After the war the Germans cried out that it was all and only the Kaiser's fault. And then the fantastic plea found credence; we believed after the war what we were sensible enough to disbelieve during the war. As Weimar slid downhill, Germans cried out again that it was all the fault of the Allies. It always is the fault of somebody else. They are saying so still in our midst, and in war-time, and, incredibly, they still find credence. They even got away with the whine that Germany was ruined by Reparations, when she really collected from her former enemies in loans and credits four times her cash payments in Reparations—and then defaulted.

Our Innocents at Home come of the ancient and rechristened stock of Wishful Thinkers. It is held—and hugged—that there are millions of

Germans eager to rise up for us. That is not true. It is even alleged by some of my German critics that this must be so, because two million Germans have suffered in concentration camps. That also is not true. About a quarter of that number is a maximum, and God knows it is high enough. My case would be still stronger if two millions *had* so suffered; for if such numbers had lifted no finger in time of peace, what could be expected of them under the greater pressure of war? The German people will, on the contrary, remain solidly behind Hitler till the signs of defeat are visible. You will then again have revolt against those who have lost the war. But not revolution. Revolt you can *accelerate*, but you cannot *create* revolution where there is no real or general revolutionary tendency. Least of all can you do so in flag-wagging days and hearts.

Besides, what sort of revolution do you want? Communist? Militarist? A combination of the two, which is also possible? None of these? So what? It is high time that this confused talk about "revolution" ceased, anyhow until we are sure what we mean—and what *it* means.

I know what some of our guests mean. Their brand of democracy and socialism differs from ours in that they are, and always have been, pan-Germans and expansionists at heart. Beware of these wolves in sheep's clothing. There are others alive to the dangers and difficulties that I in-

dicate. I take off my hat to them. Their tragedy is that they tend to be submerged by the wilder elements to whom we give employment and expression. To these I do not wish to take off my coat, but I do ask them to desist from a line which we cannot follow. Much German propaganda is being done in England by Germans. Is not that fantastic in war-time?

In some minds lurks the belief that the remedy for our ills lies in an unspecified European revolution, in which Germany would take the lead—this country being a branch management—so that Germany would retain the hegemony of Europe, win or lose. We are not fighting this war for this purpose. We are fighting precisely in order to prevent Germany from playing further leads. She has twice disgraced herself as a prima donna, and must now sing small. She has been as heavy and expensive a performer as State-actress Frau Goering. There is going to be new management in proper control. "Revolution" may not be the happiest beginning, anyhow without definition; and since it is neither possible nor opportune to be definite, we may remember that all wise men have one religion, and that no wise man says what it is. I suggest that, pending clarity, the childish patter of revolutionary feet should be stilled, and that they should be kept from the echoing corridors of our propaganda. They may carry us whither we would not. In any case, they

are not practical politics. Revolt is a different matter, and requires a different technique. The line of demarcation is clear. Let it be kept.

The expression "Hitlerite Germany" tends, or may be exploited, to substantiate the delusion that Germany is full of good Germans awaiting *us* to become good Europeans, that somehow regeneration may come out of promoted chaos, that "revolution" may precede, when revolt can only follow, military failure. The facts are simpler. Germany has sold her soul to the devil—a business proposition. There is accordingly the devil to pay. She wants everybody else to do the paying. We wish to annul the transaction and to prevent its ruinous recurrence. We shall not do so by whitewashing the character of the German—not "Hitlerite"—vendor.

The Soviets use the expression, too. But are they wise? The Soviets are fighting Hitler, but far more are the Slavs resisting the Teuton in his ancient policy of enslaving and exterminating them. For Russian heroism in resistance to this age-long national brutality no praise can be too high, no sympathy too deep, no assistance too great. But Soviet propaganda *can* be overpraised. There is no such thing as the Nazi General Staff, or the Nazi Army, or Nazi tanks, or Nazi aeroplanes. All these are German, plain German; it is they that are killing Russians by the hundred thousand. Do let us talk sense at long last.

I have proposed a First Principle in "getting things straight." I propose as a second that we should "get things straight" in regard to Germany. Germany has long been the turning point of European politics, and all the miseries of the world's last three generations have issued from the German land and the German soul. One can get nothing straight, unless one sees Germany as the criminal that she is. There is no use in blinking, no sense in disguising, the facts.

*No easy hope or lies
Shall bring us to our goal.*

THIRD PRINCIPLE

THE NECESSITY OF SIMPLE THINKING

MY THIRD PRINCIPLE in getting things straight is Simplicity. All great political problems are simple; but the main road has many tempting lanes in which you can lose yourself, if you once begin to wander. In the inter-war period we were afflicted by hosts of clever people, who knew something about everything, including international affairs. They lost themselves in mazes of their own building. They were powerful; they were well-meaning; and the amateurs were too much for the professionals. They had their way, and events have proved them wrong. Perhaps even now they labour under the delusion that the conduct of modern Germany has been caused by economics or by the Treaty of Versailles! The Weimar experiment could have ended in no other way. Germany could have gone no other way, without the fundamental change of heart that had never really begun. Ingenuity would never have reached the garden path if it had

stuck to the hard high road of German misteaching and mal-practice through the centuries. It is an absolutely straightforward story.

*Here is naught at venture, random nor untrue—
Swings the wheel full-circle, brims the cup anew.*

Perhaps others would have done the same things had they been taught the same things. The fact remains that nobody else was so taught. The Nazis have literally preached and practised nothing that has not been preached and practised—from the highest falutin' to the lowest atrocity—by preceding Germans. The evidence is all at hand; there has never been the faintest concealment about it. Books could be filled with it. The libraries are already full.

No, there is nothing new, there is nothing even surprising, in all that Germany has thought and done since 1933. Let us take quick illustrations. The new German theory is that only "Nordic Man" can lay down the law, and "Nordic Man" says that there shall be no law save that of the stronger. But is it new? Of course not. I can take you back over at least a century and a half of that doctrine. Germany's racial superiority, Germany's mission? She has been ranting of these for at least as long; "thinking with the blood" is no new German prescription. The consequent German lust for World Domination? It has been piling up through the ages, long ere

Bismarck prepared its way and the late Kaiser's Germans made their first bloody bid for the earth. The glorification of Force and Fraud? You will find it in a steady crescendo since Frederick "the Great." Germany's anti-Christian tendency? Ah, that goes much further back still. German cruelty? Still further into the mists. Further than the Thirty Years War? Oh, yes. We were fighting, too, in that century, but not in that way; and the most vivid contemporary evidence of the seventeenth century pales before the wilful horrors of 1914, the ever-deepening atrocities of 1943. There has been German *regress* since the Middle Ages. Germans have been frank advocates, and systematic practitioners, of extermination. Of all this manifold consistency there is proof abundant and unanswerable. You have only to stretch out your hand for it. All that has happened could not fail to happen, if the rest of the world was going to close its eyes to the stark and simple Truth. It would have been better for Germany if mankind had judged her hardly and in time.

What in fact did men do? They became clever. They found for everything every reason but the right one. An old friend of mine, bankrupt by speculation, once told me that he would get his money back by a pamphlet entitled "How to be Artful for Eightpence." "Everyone," he said hopefully, "will buy it." And what is the frequent result of cleverness? Naiveté. Almost every

smatterer since Madame de Stäel has thought that he or she had discovered the real Germany. It usually turned out to be some sort of Eden "wherein most things went naked save the Truth." Madame de Stäel irritated Goethe, who knew better his Germans in the plural. "The real Germany" was rearming and persecuting pacifists behind the new façade of his old Weimar. Germany's dupes have not even looked at the recorded simplicities, have not even read the plain history of her mind. Knowledge seems so easy. When the late Mr. Keir Hardie went to study India for a few weeks, the late Sir Owen Seaman wrote:

*And you will learn in 'arf a mo'
What takes a man ten years or so
To know that he will never know.*

If you will only think quite simply what has happened and why, I believe you will find that many other things, now seemingly complicated, will become simple too. Most people are confusing their minds by talking and thinking far too much about Germany. Do not always be wondering how to be safely just to her. Make up your minds that you are going to be just first to Germany's victims, and to Germany after. That is vital. You will find that you are simplifying the shape of things to come *for yourself*. Both justices are possible, but only if taken in the right order.

First things first, "and all these things shall be added unto you." It is righteous to succour and revive the wantonly stricken. The simple Samaritan took good care of the victim. His care for the soul of the aggressor was second and unchronicled. The modern Levite does not pass by on the other side, he crosses the road to shake hands with the aggressor. Justice to Germany must be appropriate, she has committed the greatest crime in history, and she has committed it before.

It is not possible to be just without facing Truth, which is not always pleasant in this imperfect world. Indeed, I have found that the first instinct of men, on being confronted with the truth, is to turn bitter. They will not avoid that temptation unless they learn to think with their hearts. But *you* can think with all your heart of the sufferings inflicted by German hands on Slavs and Scandinavians, on Latins and Greeks, on all sorts and conditions of men, and from of old. If one's eyes cannot fill, one's heart is empty. Only through that mist can one see straight, and not as the scribes and Pharisees.

The simple use of the heart in politics is not always easy; it will even be suspect. "The English," said Coleridge, "have a morbid habit of petting and praising foreigners of any sort." We have only done that to Germans. From the others we have been rather aloof. We have clung to

the myths of the blood brother, of the harmless and beguiled German, of "the other Germany." The truth is simpler and sterner. Myths die hard; but these have got to die before there can be a German resurrection. Between Germany and this country there is a great gulf fixed. Civilisation is mainly a matter of civilians in our eyes, but not in the eyes of Germans. Their Army has sat always in the midst of German life like an adored Moloch, into whose maw the fawning Folk has gladly poured all that it held dearest—wealth and youth—but *never* without insistence on an adequate return at the expense of its neighbours. We still see Man in the old hopeful terms:

He thinks he was not made to die.

The Germans have long been convinced from birth that they were made to die for Hegel's State and for conquest. That is the issue in its simplest form, and to that simple issue I have given my life.

Why? Not for fun. Not for hate. For humanity, I hope. For insurance, I am sure. Perhaps the two last are the same. Certainly not for ease. When I was a boy there was a good example of the cost of championing an unpopular cause. Emile Zola saw crime and folly mingled in the Dreyfus case. (How hot the nineteenth century waxed about one Jew, and how wearily the twen-

tieth has taken the case of millions!) Zola was quite unfitted for public controversy — and he knew it; but his conscience told him to act. He obeyed, and action cost him everything that calumny can achieve. I do not know whether he was a great man, but he had a great heart, and he thought with it, and it took him straight through the labyrinth of lies to where truth lay. Well, everyone must expect his share of knocks in controversy, and no one should resent being hit below the belt by those who can reach no higher. I have had my share of them.

It is a curious and sinister fact that nothing has been more unpopular than telling the truth about a country that for generations has been bent on destroying you, and has twice avowedly tried to do so. My predecessor, Sir Eyre Crowe, also discovered this to his cost before the last war. Even now, if you read certain types of publications produced to-day, you would think that we were some sort of criminals, instead of men who had simply and accurately warned their fellows of German education and nature and the intentions that have flowed from that nature. The history of the world, the daily lot of each one of us, might have been happier if fashion had set toward thinking simply. It is not too late even now. Do not fear to be sweeping; else you will lose yourself in refinements. International facts *are* sweeping; they sweep humanity out of

existence. If you keep to the main road, and away from the lanes, the true cause and culprit of Earth's troubles will soon become plain to you; and ultimately the cure will become plain too.

*When we were young,
They said: "Think with your head,
Mistrust your heart."
And if, by trusting them,
We ran our head against a wall,
Cry not at Heaven,
God gave us both for guide.*

FOURTH PRINCIPLE

THE KEY BUSINESS

MY FOURTH PRINCIPLE flows from the Third, and has at least the merit of simplicity. It is this: Foreign affairs should be recognised for what they really are, the key business. They govern—unfortunately—all other trades. According as they are well or ill conceived, they decide automatically whether men shall live their lives as artists, or clerks, or gardeners, as “tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor”—indeed, whether they shall live at all. If a country is unhappy in its handling of foreign relations, the most perfect conduct of its internal affairs will be vain. The Scandinavian States were model administrations, save in one respect. They would have done well to spend more time in uniting to build dykes against the German flood.

During the inter-war period—one day men will rub their eyes at it—the right priority was reversed: external affairs, particularly in the great democracies, became subordinated to internal

politics, and so were subjected to all kinds of exigencies, manœuvres and pressures, till the parish pump was confronted by an international conflagration. The silly slogan, that other peoples' systems do not concern us, was coined as an internal excuse for inaction rather than because anyone sincerely believed it.

I wish that foreign affairs were not such a serious business. But they are; and it follows that they are a field into which none should enter without reflection and equipment. It must *never* be entered from vanity, from the mere desire for intellectual exercise, from any desire to "score off" opponents. Foreign affairs are not a game. A score must be kept, for that is guidance and history; but it need be kept in no petty spirit. The consequence of organised interference with the business is the sacrifice of the lives and happinesses of millions. The vast issue is lost in wordy civil war or uncivil competition. The astrologers who sang "It ain't goin' to rain no more" have even now failed to realise that on them rests some responsibility for the storm that has burst upon the invaded countries.

On appeasement let us hear Dr. Rauschning, himself once a National-Socialist:

The future of Great Britain and the Commonwealth was never more gravely at stake than when there was a possibility of coming

to terms with this present German system of world-revolution. . . . Any agreement made before the war with the present German régime would have meant the certain destruction of the British Empire.

On illusion and pacifism let us hear Professor Foerster, a "good" German if ever there was one, a courageous and very lonely man who has suffered much for his own liberal and pacific convictions:

Those principally responsible (for German rearmament) are the Anglo-Saxons, *with their incorrigible faculty of illusion on the subject of Germany*. . . . After the warmongers of Berlin the principal culprits are the British and French pacifists.

Please ponder that well, and add to your reflections that, if our pacifists had had their way—they are the product of seapower as much as of religion—twenty millions of the inhabitants of this island would have been massacred or deported and the remainder would be slaves. You will sympathise the more with the Poles, for example, when you realise the narrowness of your own escape.

To be wrong in foreign affairs is no light matter, to be right is a question of prophecy, and prophecy—in turn a question of background—

is not achieved by drawing a bow at a venture, or by its modern equivalent of "a shot among the ducks." The false prophets were wrong, firstly because they did not know *enough* of German political thought or obsession, and secondly because they mutilated experience to fit their theories. Believing themselves to be progressive, they turned out to be the real obscurantists, since—surpassing the Bourbons—they forgot everything and learned nothing. The last war and its sole real cause—Germanic ambition—they left out of account altogether.

For theories to pass through the fire of adversity and to come out half-baked but heated is to make the worst of all possible worlds. And why be heated—save against the authors of this hell? The desire to score off those who think differently has only led to being scored off by Germans. No one wants to prevent his neighbour from having a say in these high matters; we are, on the contrary, fighting this war to ensure that very end. If Clemenceau was right in saying that war is too serious to leave to soldiers, diplomacy may be too serious to leave to diplomatists. But if amateurs take a hand—and welcome—let them at least do so temperately, and not be angry if they are human enough to be mistaken. There is, after all, many a way and chance of being wrong, and only one of being right. If, remembering that mistakes are disastrous to their fel-

lows, they will also believe that those who think differently are not necessarily vile, we may at long last be on the road to handling the key business objectively, and therefore more safely. This reform in our outlook, approach and temper is overdue. We have all paid for it.

I speak with some experience. I belong to no party, and I have no prejudices about the shape of the things to come. I earnestly trust that the world to come will be happier than the one that has been my lot; and I have thought it possible to weigh without recrimination the things that belong unto our peace. One cannot hope to tell the truth about Germany without putting the cat among the stool-pigeons; but I confess to surprise at the fury displayed by some of my compatriots, and at the methods of controversy to which they have descended. Many of them are more concerned in attacking me and defending Germany than in winning the war and freeing humanity.

I have hitherto defined no war aims, and have confined myself to three simple warnings. Firstly, you will not find the cure for the German evil if you underestimate the magnitude and extent of the disease. Secondly, you will not find it, even with right, and therefore severe, judgment, save with prolonged post-war effort; the cure will be very long, and there will be no overnight mira-

cles. Thirdly, you will not find it if you make exactly the same mistakes as after the last war.

Our fundamental mistake was twofold. We believed that in Germany a change of label was equivalent to a change of heart. In consequence a weak and very peccant administration was discarded when it had done its deceptive duty, and the old German militarism reappeared. The second fundamental mistake was to believe that this change from the Imperial to a Social-Democratic party-label made it safe to deal with a new administration embodying many of the old German administrative vices, which pushed it into the grip, first veiled and then open, of militarism. The taints of this administration, both in conception and execution, merely made plain the path for the new German Messiah, Hitler. They would do exactly the same thing again, if the mistake were repeated.

In less than a generation, and without constant vigilance and control, you will not be able to call it a day with a Germany that has twice tried to plunge the world into night without a quiver of compunction, a flicker of shame, a shadow of remorse. Indeed she murdered the very few who tried to tell her that she ought to be sorry for her boundless sins. Progress is uphill work, and for well over a century in Germany "political man" has been going *down* hill, till nothing that he can do can efface what he has

done. The colossal damage done by Germany is beyond forgiveness or repair: it can only be lived down very slowly. To pretend that the German nation is not involved in all this is to fool the people for the sake of a few *émigrés* of actively and mischievously Pan-German tendencies. It is worse fooling still to tell our people that they will unite Germany by facing the truth about her. That is unblushing German propaganda. Let its purveyors remember that they are guests. We want no Trojan Horse in our country. Germany has long been united for aggression. She will not revolt until she is beaten. Those who try to conceal or distort these fundamental facts are grinding a German axe.

For pointing to these facts I have been abused in some quarters with unmeasured violence. I am told that I am "a reactionary." (I repudiate the unwisely suggested connection between knowledge and reaction.) I am charged with wishing to exterminate, and even to torture, Germans, though no one who has read what I have written can make such a charge without fully conscious mendacity. I have even been threatened if I continue the exposure of German mentality. It matters far less that these methods are a discredit to writers than that they debase the standard which should surely be observed in a question affecting the life or death of civilisation.

In vital issues the merciful figure of Provi-

dence usually "sticks out like a sore thumb," if only we are attentive enough. It pointed beyond a peradventure to German intentions long before 1914, long before 1939. Those who choose to ignore it are still partners in the great key business of foreign affairs. Neither they nor we can escape that partnership; and they might therefore comport themselves with a show of justice and courtesy towards those who did observe the clouds far bigger than a man's hand. I have seen enough of rancour to see also that it takes the eye off the ball on which we live. I am trying to enlighten you because I want to make it more habitable. You can only achieve this result by a firm grasp of our key business.

FIFTH PRINCIPLE

THE NEED OF BACKGROUND

MONSIEUR PHILIPPE BERTHELOT, an authority in his day, suggested, hopefully: "Let us lean on our principles; they will end by giving way." "They might run into us," I said. "Then we must uncompromisingly adjourn for lunch," he replied. "I shall reappear with another principle," I warned him.

I have submitted that, although great issues are simple, it is well to know something of foreigners before embarking on foreign affairs. A modicum of equipment is needed, and it is called background. It cannot be had on order; indeed, it takes time and trouble to get. A process may be simple without being easy; to get a college lawn you only need to roll it—for ages. I propose that we should all in future speak with some modesty, or not at all, on subjects where we have no background. I will act up to this Principle. My standard work on gynæcology shall remain unpublished, for I have considered it incompati-

ble with International Law to cause German mothers to die of laughing. Perhaps this self-restraint will be emulated by some authorities on international affairs.

I naturally do not suggest that the conduct of foreign affairs necessitates the same technical equipment as science. There is no mystery about my profession. Yet it must be learned by the sweat of the brow like any other, and the days are gone when Molière's Smart People could "know everything without ever having learned anything." Speaking in 1903, Mr. Balfour observed: "I do not in the least understand, and I have never been able to understand, the causes which have produced dislike of England in Germany." This avowal indicates one of the reasons why Germany has twice in twenty years so nearly fulfilled her desire to destroy us.

Germany has traded upon the ingrained British aversion to belief in evil, one of the deepest and most dangerous traits in our composition. Thirty-three years later, to take another example, Mr. Lloyd George affirmed that "Germany does not want war, but she is afraid of an attack by Russia." Are not such utterances tragi-comedy? The interval is crammed to capacity with similar pronouncements by less famous beings. The volume of prophecy would matter less if the British were not a nation of "Oh, well-ers" both before

and after their hair-breadth escapes. Lack of background is the cause of all.

That lack has caused some unnecessary surprises. Take a series of random illustrations. Why be astonished when Hitler breaks treaties? Germans of light and leading have told us for two hundred years that it is essential to Germany's salvation to break any treaty she likes or dislikes. (Of course, they don't explain *why*.) Do you wonder that Germans have sanctified lying? Bless my soul, old Martin Luther started that racket, and started it most explicitly; indeed Luther had some shocking Nazi characteristics. Is anyone stupefied by Germany's systematic extermination of the Poles? He may forget the Teutonic Knights, but surely not Bismarck, who explained to his understanding sister in 1861 that one must beat the life out of Poles; he sympathised with their position, but extermination was the only thing for them, if Prussians wished to exist. (Again, of course, he didn't explain why, nor, of course, did his sister bother him by asking.)

And so you can run through the whole gamut of hoary German "principles" from the early beginning of the campaign against Christianity, individuality, and personal happiness. Nazi philosophy—this kind of thing is philosophy in Germany—is merely the receiver of stolen and damaged goods. The doctrine of German "superi-

ority" began in the eighteenth, the German "mission" in the early nineteenth, century. Before the latter was half over German expansionists had begun grabbing the earth on paper.

All this, and much more, might have proved less disastrous if the German mind were original or independent. Unfortunately, it is not. Germans are such parrots that their highest mortality should be caused by psittacosis. The parrots and parakeets of the German jungle have been easily led to repeat the virtues of militarism. It was impossible to worship a jackass in a jackboot without getting ready for Hitler.

There is an interesting study to be made on the sequences that have led Germans by mounting intemperance of language to mounting intemperance of conduct. Religion, the brake, has ceased to function, for the German soul is long gone into kingdoms of this world. The intensification of these linked processes cannot be understood without background; and it is dangerous to parade without it.

It was only lack of background that recommended or assailed appeasement as a novelty, when we had really been appeasing Germany for generations without ever getting beyond the *hors d'œuvres*. Take the old case of the Baghdad Railway concession. Germany had spotted herself as the heir of Turkey, and we allowed her to get a leg in the door. Was she content with this

opportunity to exploit the Near and Middle East? Not she, though the prize was glittering, and our attitude vicariously unselfish to a fault. "I see no reason why Asia Minor should not become the South Africa of Europe," wrote the British Ambassador at Constantinople, an Irishman who waged a lifelong struggle with lucidity. But the dense crowd of appeasers did not stop at Baghdad. On the eve of the last war, for example, Lord Noel-Buxton and Commander King-Hall's Admiral father wanted to let dear Germany make more colonies and a big fleet. The moon was, unfortunately, out of reach.

All concession to Germany has been vain, down to acquiescence in her wolfing of Austria and Czechoslovakia. Surprise, disappointment, vain attempts to satiate the insatiable, nay, the very wars themselves might have been averted by some knowledge of the German heart; for none can tell what will come out of a country without knowing what goes on within.

Curiously, exasperatingly, background is for ever receding and narrowing when we move in a world drenched with news. The very intensification of the present absorbs all time, deflecting the eye and the judgment. The last nine years are a demonstration. Attention has been so rapt in the sordid shemozzle of Nazism that few remember rightly even what occurred in Germany between 1919 and 1933, still less what was

thought and said and done by her between 1870 and 1914. One must indeed go further back still, for without this continuity Nazism can only be misinterpreted.

Excessive absorption in the fleeting is a constant snare. You can meet many a walking encyclopædia on the superficial dirt of Nazism; the deeper soil is for that very reason unturned. This error leads to another and most dangerous one. Physicians of the soul, body, or body politic are apt to prescribe the remedy in which they have specialised. It is for this reason that a number of Left "Intellectuals" have fallen foul of me. They consider their own doctrine the cure for everything in Germany. Anyone whose views are not so "total" must be a reactionary. If you do not belong to the Priestley-caste, they would like to class you with the Montagu Norman conquest, "and all that." Let us examine their view from the windows of experience.

Bismarck's Prussianised Reich was taken over in 1919 by a fallacious democratic Republic, which soon merged into the curiosity of an anti-democratic Republic, in turn easily taken over by National-Socialism. The Social-Democrats put up a poor show, and the great bulk of them are as fully in Hitler's war as they were in the Kaiser's. In matters Germanic one can no more affirm that all socialists are good than—with *Rudigore*—that "all baronets are bad." Socialism is

therefore not necessarily a cure for Germanism; it may, indeed, heal everything but that. One can change from Brown Expansionists to Pink Expansionists without attaining security. Even now some of the latter are suggesting that Germany cannot be beaten, and that there must be "a negotiated peace," or that there must be no unilateral disarmament, or that peace must leave intact Germany's machine-tool industry, so that she can make more munitions! And for all these fantasies they find sponsors, and sometimes newspapers.

Germany has got to take her medicine, and no party-label on the bottle will make it palatable. You cannot heal the *spiritual* disease of centuries by any *political* nostrum. Only an airy absence of background can encourage such a hope; its advocates would be the first to reject it, were its application reversed. Suppose the opposite kind of Reformation staged, and ourselves confronted with a beaming deputation of matey militarists and ingenuous industrialists, headed perhaps by lissom Doktor Schacht. Would not intellectuals advisedly reject such miraculous transmogrifications, and spring to my side believing that regeneration will only be credible when long maintained under effective supervision? Where then is wisdom to be found? In insistence on background where the real facts lurk. They must be dragged to light and kept there. Nazism

will vanish, but its essential Germanism will long remain. This is our last chance. No doctrinal bias, Right or Left, must cause us to muff it again. Let us tolerate no one who would lead us to do so.

SIXTH PRINCIPLE

TRUST YOUR OWN PEOPLE

CLARITY, like Charity, begins at home. In foreign affairs it is more important to tell the truth to your own people than to take excessive account of alien and hostile susceptibilities. Have not the disastrous years proved conclusively that you must think first of enlightening your real collaborators at home, and only next of manoeuvring abroad? We have tended to forget that human nature must think *of* itself in order to think *for* itself. Many "intellectuals" have *begun* by worrying about Germany's future, when the truth is that we must inevitably *begin* by thinking first of ourselves and our Allies. Nothing but confusion can come of darkened altruism.

You may say: "But surely we must always have acted on so plain a truth." On the contrary, you never heard the whole truth, because we erred on the side of overcaution, which is putting the cart before the horse. Time after time I have seen writers, who had something

worth while to say about Germany, weakening and disclaiming any desire to "stir up ill-feeling," the constant charge of the obscurantists. I say that, since Germany has brought upon man by far the greatest calamities in history, all wise men will be wise to remember them until they have sufficient cause to forget them. They would have been more mindful had they known the real though disputed facts, and thus corrected the kindly democratic habit of hoping for the best and failing to prepare for the worst.

In the inter-war period, the German and Italian bawlers—they can only write at the top of their voice—were always protesting against our well-informed Press. The Dictators protested precisely because our Press was well-informed. No profession has made more brilliant strides than journalism in the last quarter of a century; every capital was full of human land-mines of knowledge. The Dictators hoped to prevent them from going off, lest from their reports you should learn the truth. They carried their tactics to extravagant lengths.

Let us take an example, a typically Teutonic one. After Munich there was a violent German Press campaign against England. (Gratitude is not German; Kleist explained that in his popular and ferocious classic.) Mr. Chamberlain deplored these vituperations. Whereupon the German Ambassador, the whole staff of the German

Embassy, and of the German Press in London ostentatiously absented themselves at the eleventh hour from a dinner of the Foreign Press Association at which Mr. Chamberlain was to speak.

This sequence is characteristic of German political and psychological procedure. Let us therefore analyse it. (1) The Germans had successfully disrupted a small country at the point of the bayonet. (2) They therefore immediately began to abuse everyone who had been yielding to them—because they wanted more. (3) We “deplored” their violence, though no official representations were made. (4) This perplexing mildness convinced them that they were the offended party.

Now it is only natural that Germany should have tried always to discredit those who knew the truth of her warlike intentions, since forewarned her victims might be forearmed; and they never are. “This is the most favourable moment for twenty years to overhaul our expenditure on armaments,” said Mr. Lloyd George in 1914. Accordingly “we were the worst organised nation in the world for this war,” said Mr. Lloyd George in 1915. In 1938 the British Government was assured of “peace in our time.” Lord Gort’s despatches tell the sequel. The turtle moves slowly, but it gets there in time for the soup; and that has twice been the world’s destination through tardy recognition of Germanity. The old game

is going on still. Dr. Goebbels is playing it through the mouth of some German *émigrés* and their echoes. The Doctor is telling them that, by telling you the truth about Germany, I am uniting her. Strange rubbish to be swallowed and regurgitated! The Doctor and his gang have made no effective play with my exposure of German ways, because they cannot. If you have shown up a man for cheating at cards, there is nothing that he *can* do but abuse you. That is precisely all the Doctor has been able to do with me, and my critics have supported him.

The new obscurantist device that one unites Germany by unmasking her is as curious an aspersion on our intelligence as the insinuation that we are only fighting Nazism. (The very term Nazi is obsolescent in Germany, though it lingers naïvely abroad.) Germany has long been united, always is united in war, and will remain united to the dawn of defeat. That is the truth. Hitler knew his people, and they him. They did not disappoint him, nor he them. They made him possible because he is impossible. That is a hard saying, but victory knows no primrose paths; if there is any flower in the case it is edelweiss.

Even if the Doctor and his dupes were right, my Sixth Principle stands. It is far more important that you should know the truth than that German feelings should be spared. To trust and

inform one's own people is a surer and cheaper way to an abiding settlement than to bid for the favour of enemies. That way lie expense and instability. The proof of the peace pudding will be in the eating. Germany and her handmaidens will do their best to make a hash, for which you would pay. Those who let themselves be led by the nose pay through the nose.

Because it is so tremendously important for you to know the truth about Germany, she has naturally made a tremendous effort to bemuse you. It has been her doctrine that she may do what she will, while you must not know the truth about her for fear of "stirring up ill-feeling." With that chalk line she attempted to mesmerise us, till she was ready for war; even now the line is not effaced. We have long been soaked with German propaganda, and the fact must be kept in strict and constant view. In the vain hope that seething rapacity would simmer down, the Germans were allowed to organise sympathy with little contradiction. So you got the Germany outcry about the war-guilt clause, though never was guilt clearer. You had the howl on reparations, out of which Germany made a profit. You had the whacked drum on the "German Bulwark against Bolshevism"—one of the most brazen legends ever successfully launched by the Brazen Horde.

Above all, the Germans "put it over" (on a

world never minded to read the Treaty of Versailles as a whole) that the complex instrument had been composed exclusively by fools and knaves. There never has been and never will be a perfect treaty, and many may think that some authoritative voices went too far in the other direction. "If it be good that people should live under governments of their own choosing, then the map of Europe drawn at Versailles was the best map of Europe ever known," said one of the greatest and most dispassionate of them. It is certainly not open to many of the ignorant and German-inspired criticisms meekly repeated against it. We are not now concerned with conflicting views of the past. The point is that balanced judgment was drowned in the Germanic conviction of our Scribes and Pharisees that the Germans, callously unrepentant of twenty million deaths, *were* the injured party. The very Church sometimes forbore to barbarism in the name of Charity. Our obscurantists have helped to land us in the Second German World-War by thinking more of German susceptibilities than of Truth, and you may think it strange that people who have seen no farther than their own noses should still be anxious to expose their profile.

Against fresh disaster Truth is the only safeguard. So long as men are bent on mincing words or currying favour, or any other cookery of tough

fact, she will not stoop to come in. The chief excuse for our earthly spending of Time is to buy Experience; the chief excuse for buying Experience—usually a painful process—is that it should shine in use. Never mind whether the Germans like it. Of course they don't; but I'm not talking to them—I'm talking to *you*.

We go over precipices after shielding them from our sight, as Pascal said, and we shall do so again if we are not careful. The object of foreign policy is to avoid war—the Germans say the exact opposite—and it can only be attained by trusting one's own people. They would have shouldered rearmament *in time* had they known the facts about Germany, which even now is not mentioned in the curious drafting of the Atlantic Eight Points. It is probably true that mankind has gone right only after trying every possible way of going wrong. We have surely learned at sufficient expense that no safe foreign policy can ever be founded on anything short of Truth; and the assumption that a great people responds to it is the justification of democracy.

SEVENTH PRINCIPLE

THE WHEREWITHAL

THE most certain thing about foreign policy is that, like all else in the world, it cannot exist without the necessary means. For the whole of the inter-war period it was the fashion not only to neglect but to flout this principle. (This attitude, carried to Geneva, of course ruined the League of Nations.) Foreign policy—if it is ever to be anything but negative—involves continental commitment, a glimpse of the obvious from which we traditionally winced. (We need not dwell on the splendours of isolation; it was the drift of Noah till he hit on Mount Ararat.)

You cannot have a continental policy without the means to impress and assist the continent; in other words, an Army and Air Force. Yet with a mixture of ideals and principles and conveniences, we tried to “make do” with a pared minimum of both. The bluff was seen by everybody long before it was called by Germany. Look at the long trail of unpreparedness in this war, the

last, the one before that, and beyond. Do you suppose no foreigners knew or noticed it? And what do you suppose they thought?

But what about the Navy? you say. The question raises another principle, which can be conveniently included under our present heading—the need of ability to put oneself in the other fellow's place. It is the most natural effect of insularity to suppose that the millions "inland far" have some conception of sea-power. We thereby attribute to others the imagination that we ourselves sometimes lack. From Lyons to Baghdad what the eye hath not seen means less than *we* think. The Iraqi knows the sails of the dhow; he has never dreamed the batteries of a battleship. Half a company of infantry conveys more to him than an unpictured word. So we had a rebellion in Araq, and France wavered long before she fell away. We seemed to others much weaker than we cared to admit to ourselves.

Those who knew not the sea were alarmed lest we might only accept casualties in the blue, and leave to them the vast toll of earth. In our own eyes we were, of course, a desirable match; as others saw us we were a doubtful asset, so long as we had not the things that belonged unto their peace of mind. Germany tried to bully France into fighting in 1905, but France preferred to accept humiliation, knowing that she would be overrun, and only perhaps rescued by others long

afterwards—which was exactly what happened nine years later. How many people have reflected that France was *beaten* in 1914, as she always knew she would be?

After she had been rescued, by a great multinational effort, the Americans withdrew and criticised. The example was not without its effect upon us. In a while the dykes of our commonsense gave way to a wave of Germanophilia. With the Americans—we floated a “North Sea Bubble,” and pumped money into our enemies at 6 per cent. Having already reduced the Navy we indulged in further disarmament to please ourselves, and made a virtue of parsimonious delusion.

Thus, we first made the continent feel we didn't really care much about anybody except perhaps Germans, and then that we could defend nobody inland far, even if we did care. German propaganda forthwith undermined the remains of our influence, and England snored in political celibacy. For all the money spent on the German virago—now re-arming to her long teeth—nobody loved us. To foreign eyes we seemed the stronghold of unwisdom, densely planted with German rumours of “French hegemony,” although France had been finished for all purposes of aggression by Napoleon I, and for all purposes of successful defence under Napoleon III. Her apprehensions

were apparent to—and shared by—anyone who really knew her and her inferior resources.

That is how the continent judged us and France and the United States—unfairly perhaps. It doubted whether we had really got a foreign policy—since we apparently had neither the outfit nor the will—and knew that France's policy was cowed to vanishing-point by justifiable fear. So an irresolute and disunited Europe—and therefore again the League of Nations also—could have no real policy either, and Germany was the better able to divide it for dinner. Hitler, the mere mascot of militarism, had an easy ride. The victims, separated from the monster only by a line on a map, were well aware of many facts that got no landing-permits at our ports. They may not have realised that to most of barbarian Germany Romanisation had come not at all and Christianity but late; but they felt the consequence, that the veneer of *Kultur*—a thing divorced from Western civilisation—thinly concealed an immense time-lag in all humane qualities. And *their* apprehensions were apparent to, and shared by, anyone who really knew Germany and her utter failure to assimilate the fundamentals of either Christianity or democracy. Greek Reason, diffused by Rome, never reached the real Germany, where unbridled emotion was and has remained, supreme.

This time-lag—irremediable in less than sev-

eral generations—was positively glaring to those who had seen the eastern scowl of Germany contrasted with her occasional grimaces and forbidding coqueties to the west. Perhaps they might have shared our trust that she was going to turn over a new leaf, had she not haunted *herself* with the old gods and forests and “values”—with “the nostalgia of the mud” in fact. If virtue ever consisted in the imitation of good men, in Germany it has consisted in the imitation of bad ones. When Delcassé called Wilhelm II a political epileptic, the continent had good cause to suspect that his subjects shared the fits.

When people speak of the time, money, energy spent on German propaganda, they think only in terms of the effort expended abroad, of the bagmen, the tricksters, the unblushing canvasser, the bought company or newspaper or politician, the ingratiating professor, the insinuating scientist or writer, the pseudo-opponent—Germans all, and all out for Germany, and all of them a world-pest. Foreigners often overlooked the tremendous industry that saturated the German *home* front.

The German nation has been overheated by a century of inflammatory witch-doctors; but it was only at the end of the last century that the furnaces of internal propaganda reached their full output. Co-ordinated indoctrination penetrated the schools, poisoned teachers and pupils, permeated the public. “Imperialistic ambitions

spread to *the most moderate sections of the people at large*," writes Dr. Müller-Sturmheim. "Even the priests of the two churches, the Roman and the Lutheran, did not stand aside, but, on the contrary, gave the whole tendency religious sanction." The people were being tuned up for war, and war soon. "The Prussian people are of one mind with Kaiser and Army," wrote Frederic Harrison. "In all the world's history no race has been so drilled, schooled, sermonised, with a sort of inverted religion of hate, envy, jealousy, greed, cruelty and arrogance. Man and woman, girl and boy, have been taught from childhood this inhuman vain glory and lust of power. It has grown to be their gospel." (Beside this great man my critics are pygmies.) The German "mission" needed a mass-army, "which in 1914 jubilantly and amid the rejoicings of the German masses, marched to war." There was no disguise in all this, save a few speeches for the British sucker; and as the Will to Power was translated into increasing armies, the millions "inland far" became increasingly dubious whether a country without an army could save them even if it would—and of that they were kept in constant doubt. It has never yet been realized that the suggestions of our "perfidy" were largely the outcome of our military weakness and the mistrust that it engendered. These charges were almost comically

exploited by a strong and professionally amoral Germany.

Her formulæ of aggression were inv^ariable; first France and Russia were to be conquered, then came England—temporarily gulled into isolation—and then the world. Fichte died in 1814, and in 1914 Germany celebrated the centenary of her Hundred Years' War against Happiness, for that is what German political philosophy has amounted to in practice. The drive, the tradition, above all, the *popular appeal*, of the call to slaughter were too strong to be halted by the setback of 1918; revenge returned to the charge, and the German people were in it because they had never got out of it. They had never desired to get out of it. On the contrary, the German people loved militarism, were inconsolable for its temporary loss, and wanted it back as soon as possible. "The German Army is the German people." The whole nation has repeated that for generations. It is the German Army, and therefore the German people, that is now at its traditional butchery all over Europe. There is no escape from that; indeed the German people themselves repudiated escape, for conquest was, and is, their dream.

On went the dream, with exactly the same axioms and postulates, on through the Weimar Republic, behind the mask of Stresemann and Brüning, on under the name of Equality or "any

old cry" that would do for the democracies. *Mein Kampf* is the turgid estuary of the long stream of nationalist outpourings, which followed the laws of nature—downhill. German literature degenerated steadfastly into the mud of Hitlerature, through which the people waded. Hitler and Kaiser both held, with popular support, that there must be only one power in Europe, and this ferocity goes back to Frederick "the Great" and his doctrine of the "unjustified existences" of the weak. In the face of this we continued to strive for the impossible combination of world-policy and disarmament. So did the League. There could be only one end to that.

We acted according to our nature, that Victorian optimism which expected too much of an imperfect world; and for that at least we need not blush. Similar causes were perhaps operative in the United States. No doubt before the war they too had a foreign policy, though it was no easier to detect than ours for all their strictures. Their case is a later edition of our own. America also democratically "hoped for the best and failed to prepare for the worst." In the past we have alike tried to get something for nothing—security without effort. No optimism will henceforth shorten the need for that effort.

This German generation will have to grow out under control and be succeeded by another that has had *self-control* thrust upon it. The ignorant,

the biased, the mendacious will try to confuse you by saying that the problem of Germany is economic. It is nothing of the kind; it is something far worse, far deeper—it is spiritual. The nature of the German *nation* is hideously warped and diseased. Unless that is manfully recognised, there is no chance of peace in the world. Even that chance will not exist unless both we and the United States have not only a clear policy, but the resolve to fit it with the means of accomplishment at whatever cost of cash and convenience.

SUMMING UP

THESE Seven Principles have all been ignored in the past; we should apply them in future. Can I make any other suggestions? Yes. The pre-war Cabinet system should be bettered. Every Wednesday morning at eleven o'clock a score of gentlemen assembled at Downing Street. The next two hours were like a expanding suit-case; it was wonderful how much could be packed into them, and into each partaking mind.

*"and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew."*

"At present," wrote Mr. Lionel Curtis, "the Cabinet of each nation is dangerously overburdened by having to deal with security (including foreign policy) and domestic questions as well." The mirage of universal knowledge faded with Leibniz, though it may have lingered till Herbert Spencer. No man can master everything, particularly when portfolios are so often reshuf-

fled that "one man in his time plays many parts," eked out by prompter and limelight. (France, of course, was an extreme example in this respect. Professional politics touched amateur theatricals.) Since home and foreign experience are not easy to combine, foreign affairs might well be treated by a smaller body like the present War Cabinet, with a minority of experts on terms of full equality. We should get away from the overloaded omniscience of Wednesday morning. Cabinets and agenda both used once to be smaller and more concentrated; they can become so again by reconstruction.

Another overdue reform is that foreign policy should be removed so far as possible from party politics. It is conceivable that party politics *in their present form* may come to some modification, but I am not discussing that here. Certain reforms are possible in the field of foreign affairs alone. There was a beginning of all-party consultation before the abortive Disarmament Conference of 1932. It is a pity that the experiment was not made in a more promising field, for it was neither maintained nor renewed. The entanglement of international affairs in the machinery of home affairs brought us into immense danger, and was one of the many faults that ruined France.

Machinery is a minor matter compared with principles; but our neglect of these, aggravated

by antiquated procedure and crowned by insularity, shook our friends abroad. The Continent looked up to us with resentment. We seemed almost as far from reality as the United States. If only we had been invaded once since 1066, it was murmured, we might have been more alive to the dreads and dooms of others. Because we did not think with our hearts, we seemed neither very human nor very practical; and Germany's victims would have told us so, had they not feared to offend us without result. And because we did not distinguish between friends and enemies—my first principle—we drifted into an apparent attitude summed up by Mr. Swaffer:

*In self-imposed Gethsemanes
To this our creed ascends:
That we should love our enemies—
And hate our friends."*

That is indeed what we looked like to eyes straining across our moat, and seeing only distant highbrows. Less complicated folk, who have kept to straight thinking and simplicity, could hardly believe us unaware that the destruction of Britain had always been the main plank in the resonant Teutonic platform. Had we never noticed that the German nation was riddled with aggression, and its soul pock-marked with envy, that glorymania could hardly wait for Hitler? "The ill-will against England," wrote Sir Max

Wächter in May 1913, "is so great in Germany that *the masses* would have greeted the outbreak of war in 1911 with enthusiasm"—as they did in 1914, a "people's war" like this one. There was indeed widespread disappointment at the avoidance of war in 1905. Did we never notice that war-propaganda among the German workers had been in full blast since the nineties? Dr. Nippold, and many others, had warned us before the last war of the strength of chauvinism in the German *people*. Had no industrialist warned us that all German policy, including economic policy, was based on the notice of war? Had no English ecclesiastic seen that, as early as the 'seventies, for all effective religious purposes Protestantism in Prussia was dead—even Carlyle saw this—or had gotten itself to a Hunnery for sheer lack of love? "The heart of Prussia was pagan to the core." The *Spectator* rightly anticipated at the time that "some strange and dangerous form of fanaticism" would come forward as a substitute. The Germans had even then begun to "organize their great resources so as to be at the mercy of almost any principle which may spring into the vacant seat of the old religious beliefs."

There you have National Socialism portrayed two generations ahead of its official birth in the land of steel and red tape, already "the strongest and least civilized country in the world." The

ancient lineage of "Hitlerism" is apparent in the hold of the imperialism which he has taken over, or rather which has taken him over. He has even had to adopt the old colonial claims, though they had no place in his first ideas. In 1917 the Kaiser would have liked to stop the war to his advantage, detach France, and prepare for the Second Punic War—his own words—against England with the whole Continent ranged behind him. What else is Hitler doing? Imperial Germany claimed the earth, so long as she was winning, and claimed it "clear of inhabitants," who were to be just wiped out. What else is Hitler doing? Imperialism and Hitlerism alike speculated that we could be bought off till our turn came, and we nearly fell into both traps, only seeing them when it was too late to save others, almost too late to save ourselves.

I also do not believe that we should have overlooked all this, and much more, but for our geographical, and therefore spiritual, aloofness which subordinated external to internal politics, and for a confused chorus animated by our national spirit of contradiction, which is as strong as its antithesis, the German spirit of repetition. Ours has produced a fanatical weakness—I use the term advisedly—for Germany, and it reacts violently against the truth. Driven into a corner the truth-dodgers admit Hitlerism, without admitting, or perhaps knowing, its long past.

How, indeed, should they know Hitler's sources when they have not even read *Mein Kampf*, because the garbage is almost unreadable in German and unconveyable in English? *There is no such thing as Hitlerism*. It is only a projection of nationalism and militarism, conducted on a lower and more popular plane. The Weimar Republic was but a breathing-space between the rounds. The German people were easily, because already, convinced of the categorically imperative need of war for prosperity. Hitler rose to power by playing on the crude emotions of savagery; but he had the savages ready-made to play on. "The German people did not have to be forced into military preparation—they prepared spontaneously," writes Mr. Douglas Miller, after fifteen years at the United States Embassy in Berlin. It is these people from whom the world is suffering. There is no use in twisting Burke to evade that truth. You not only *can* indict a nation; you cannot escape from doing so. The appalling cruelty of the German nation, and its calculated causes, will be remembered so long as men go upright. To understand all is *not* to forgive all, but to beware until forgiveness is earned. The Church will only damage itself by telling us the contrary. No further warnings should be needed against the ghastly German Right; but many—including some who would prefer a "fresh and joyous" class-war to this one—have forgotten

the ugly rôle of the German Left at the Stockholm Conference in the last war, its approval of the atrocious Treaty of Bucharest, its dark complicities in Weimar's failure. Trust *no* Germany till this one is gone forever.

"No one would have said this," observed a leading politician to me, "if he had a career to make." Ponder that saying. It explains a good deal more than the hostility that I have encountered. It explains why you were twice nearly extinguished by the Power of Darkness. It explains our obstinate, innocent generations—Conservative, Liberal, Labour—stretched patiently into the fog of Germanophilia, always cheated and always persuaded to "forget it" and be slaughtered again. The tried German hands, with the tried rods and baits, have played our people like fish. This time it is enough.

"You can fool too many of the people too much of the time," says Mr. Thurber. We cannot footle away civilisation to please its cranks. This time you shall have the truth. Do not believe that I am moved by hate. Truth and hate are unknown to each other, save that hate of evil, without which all love of good is futile, all affection for one's fellows—the foundation of policy—a sham. As truly as Germany's dupes do I desire a happy ending to the endless adventure of human affairs, but, because it is endless, I have never believed in the finality of formulæ.

*For an ye heard a music, like enow
They are building still, seeing the city is built
To music, therefore never built at all,
And therefore built for ever.*

But you will build nothing so long as this Germany endures to destroy.